THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2126.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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LAST NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

I stood upon a field of green,
Around me flowers of fairest bloom;
And in the sunlight's golden sheen
Gleamed the white marble of a tomb.

The crimson sunset hour had come,
And something bade me linger still,
'Till the soft twilight's hazy gloom
Fell like a shroud on field and hill.

Then came a form I oft had seen
In the bright hours of long ago.
The long dark years that lay between,
Had left their impress on his brow.

A thrill of anguish crossed my heart,
As by the tomb we sadly stood;
He in the cloud of dark despair,
And I in sorrow's pensive mood.

The marble gleamed as purely white
As when we came with mutual will,
Life's sweetest, fairest hopes to blight,
Life's noblest, purest pulses still.

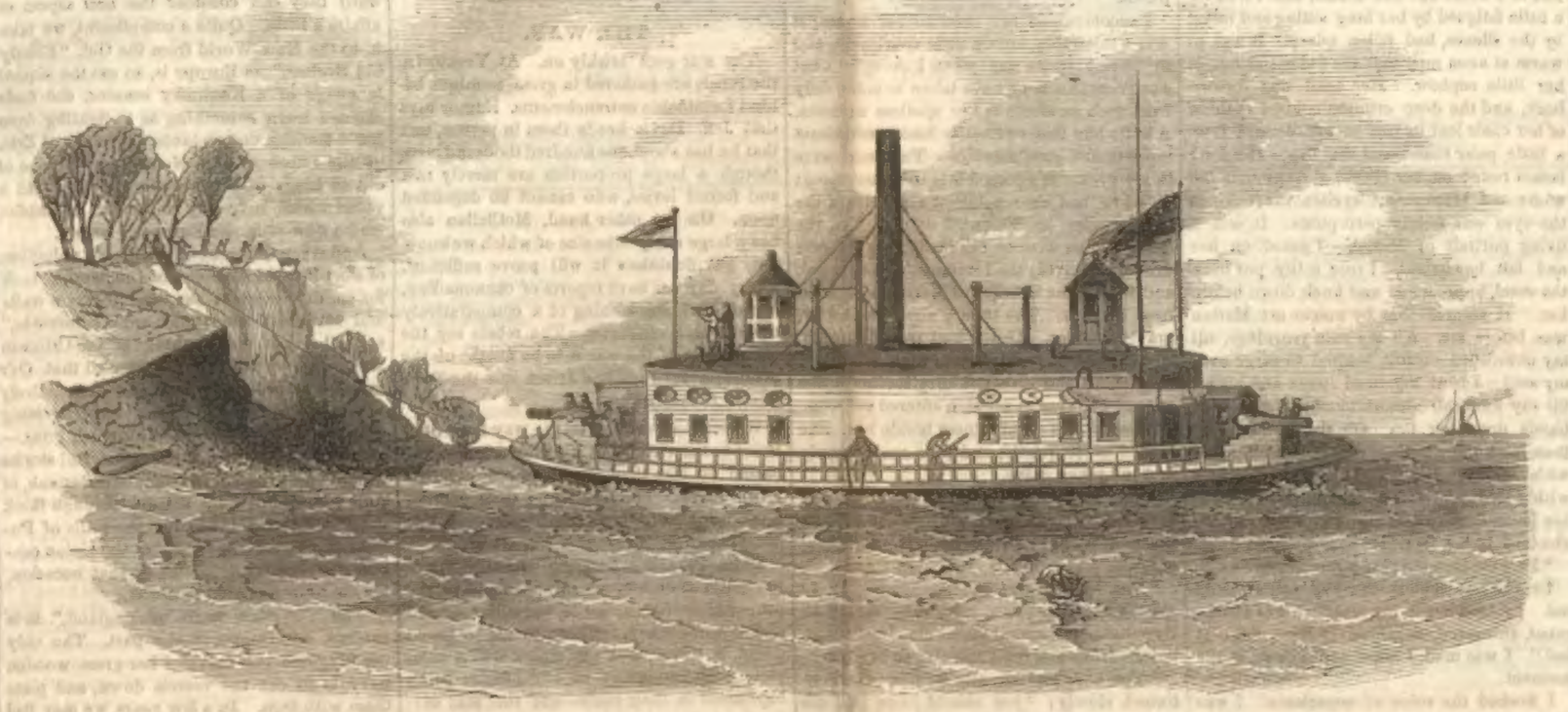
Save this white marble, not a band
That e'er had bound us now was seen,
And now we could not clasp our hands,
For cold eyed prudence stood between.

Another came whose love had won
The shattered remnant of my heart;
Whose life and joys were linked with mine,
By ties that death alone could part.

I turned to meet the welcome smile
That cheered my lonely heart before,
And hear the words that dropped the while
Like pearls from deep affection's store.

No smile was there, but silent pride
Threw round him gloom I ne'er had seen;
I vainly tried to reach his side,
A dismal gulf now yawned between.

They passed away—then all alone
I stood amid night's cheerless gloom;
And ere the morning hour had come,
My love had sought another tomb.



The U. S. Steamer Wyandank, Dismounting and Removing Guns from the Rebel Batteries at Cockpit Point, on the Potomac River, March 11.

From a Sketch by Mr. V. O. Traynor, Quartermaster of the Wyandank.

Cockpit Point, on which the rebels had erected a battery, is on the Virginia side of the Lower Potomac, close to Dumfries, or Quantico Creek. This, with other of their advanced positions, was abandoned about the 8th of March, when the rebel army made its retrograde movement to the Rappahannock. On the morning of the 10th of March the New Jersey Fifth Regiment of volunteers, under Lieutenant Colonel Mott, crossed the Potomac, and landed at Cockpit battery. It was not then known that the enemy had retired, although it was suspected from the silence of the guns. The battery was then destroyed, as our artist has represented. An officer of the regiment says:

"It was supposed that the rebels had withdrawn to a short distance in the rear, where they had made a stand and would be ready to attack us. Taking this view of the case, we went fully prepared. Immediately on our landing, a reconnoitering party was sent out. It proceeded about four miles in the rear, but could see nothing of the rebels. It stopped at a farmhouse, and from the inmates learned that the rebels, seeing the great preparation made on our side for an advance, and fearing that they would be taken prisoners, determined to evacuate, which they did the day before, leaving everything behind them. They were also informed that many of the men were impressed into the rebel army, who professed Union sentiments. Two of the latter were taken from Cockpit battery, sent to Richmond, and hung. As the reconnoitering party could see nothing of the enemy, it returned and reported what I have given in substance above."—*"Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper."*

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

I remember one evening we sat in the library. It opened on the lawn, and Nora and Fanny were walking up and down in the moonlight. My mother sat in a deep arm-chair talking, or rather listening to the conversation of the clergyman of the parish, who sat beside her. Marian sat by my side on the sofa near the lamp. She was working some gay piece of embroidery. Her slender fingers looked white amidst the bright-colored floss silks; her eyes were downcast and she was listening with that serious sweetness which was one of the loveliest expressions of her face. One of her charms was a reticence which left much to the imagination. More brilliant talkers produced less effect, for with her one always felt that one was on the verge of some profound thought or some noble feeling which her diffidence prevented her uttering, and the pleasure was thus enhanced. My heart was full. Oh! that life could have paused now for ever, or flamed on for ever, she and I thus side by side. If the feelings of one heart could inspire the atmosphere which another breathed, Marian must have felt the air glow like a flame around her. Suddenly I looked up. We sat sufficiently apart for our conversation to be inaudible. My mother sat with her cheek resting on her hand, looking at Marian so intently that she did not hear a word which was being said to her. Her gaze was penetrating to sternness; but as the look seemed to sink further and further into the heart of the person gazed upon, it grew darker and darker, and more disapprobation mingled with its sternness. I involuntarily drew nearer to Marian. Such a look seemed to carry so ominous a weight of condemnation with it, that I was ready to throw myself before her, as if to rescue her from some bodily pain. My mother saw the involuntary motion, and our eyes met; she must have read defiance in mine, in hers I saw compassion and surprise.

It seems absurd to chronicle such a moment, yet it was a very bitter one to me. And in such a wordless, motionless manner are often the deepest tragedies of our lives enacted. Presently the carriage came, and they left. As Marian rose to go I folded her soft cloak about her with an insane desire to press her to my heart before them all, and bear her "somewhere, anywhere, out of the world." When I returned from taking her to the carriage the library was empty. I went into my own room, and there sat my mother waiting for me. She looked very pale. I could have sworn in my impatience, but I controlled myself and sat beside her.

"Have you proposed to Mrs. Villars?" she asked, in a cold, constrained tone.

"No."

"Thank God! what a weight is off my heart. My dearest," she said, taking my hand, "listen to me; you know your happiness is my first, my only consolation—"

"People always preface in that way something which cuts it up at the roots," I said, angrily.

My mother had a very proud though a very loving heart; she drew back, offended, and said coldly:

"I think it my duty to tell you that I have heard Mrs. Villars is tacitly, if not actually engaged."

"A lie," I said; "some confounded country gossip."

"It may be so; but I tell you, Hubert, you are heaping up misery for yourself by your present self-indulgence. That woman loves nothing so well as herself. As long as it feeds her vanity, she will accept your homage up to a certain point. No doubt she likes you, but she will never bestow any preference on you which will be in any way prejudicial to herself. She is a cold coquette."

"Enough," said I, impatiently, "I love her, and the whole world is as dust in the balance when weighed against that I love. I never will believe a syllable against her, and any one who places him or herself in antagonism with her, places themselves so with me."

My mother's eyes flashed; but she paused, and when she continued, her voice was full of tears.

"It had been my wish that the woman who was to be your wife should be my daughter; and though my heart has little room to hold another affection but that I have for you, Herbert," and her voice faltered, "it would have made room for her; but if it is as I fear, it will—"

"Empty itself of both! that is just what I expected. Parents always love their children after a fashion I, for one, could never understand. You love me, but I am not free to love whom I will; this is bondage, and I will not put up with it. I should regret any such necessity, of course, but my life must be freed from the chance of this perpetual opposition."

"Hush!" said my mother, as pale as death, and she took up her candle with a trembling hand. "Do not say words which cannot be unsaid—I see a miserable prospect before us—but do not alienate your truest friend. Good-night, God bless you!" and her tears fell fast over my face, and she kissed me.

I would have detained her, for my heart smote me, but she would not be detained. I felt angry with my mother, and angry with myself, and I unconsciously tried, by encouraging the anger I felt, to stifle the terrible suspicion which my mother's first words had raised. Could it be true? was Marian engaged?

It was with a tumult of contending feelings that I reflected that it was possible. I had no claim on her. No perjury to me in word or deed would have burdened her soul—but oh, God! did looks mean nothing? did that consummate gentleness of manner belong to all as well as to me? was the precious pearl of her love a jewel set apart for another?

I passed the night without sleep or rest. I thought not of the pain I had given, I only thought with dread of that which I might be about to receive. I resolved that no later than to-morrow I should put my fortune to the touch to win or lose it all.

Evil tidings make sometimes the spectres of which they speak. The next day, when shaken as it were by a long illness, I walked slowly towards the Grange; I found, on arriving there, symptoms of an arrival. A strange man servant made his appearance in the hall, and a huge Newfoundland dog rushed out to meet me with the most canine gambols. When I entered the usual morning-room, Mrs. Compton, and not Marian, received me. Lounging on the couch on which she usually sat was a man about ten years older than myself.

Mrs. Compton introduced him to me as Mr. Warburton. Mr. Warburton acknowledged the introduction superciliously. My loose, lounging appearance, so great a contrast to his own, did not impress him favorably. He was a good-looking man; most of the attributes of beauty were his in great perfection. Very white, even teeth, which glittered as he spoke; large, bright, china-blue eyes, and well-cut features; but the impression of the whole was disagreeable. A martinet neatness of exterior made the most of his personal advantages. But mediocrity was stamped upon him from head to foot; any one so ineffably commonplace I have never known. He was the concentration of conceited mediocrity combined with that hardness of character which is so often the undercurrent of a worldly plausible nature. From mending a pen to guiding a nation Harry Warburton thought himself more likely to be successful than any one else. He paid the most careful attention to the most trivial things of life, and had a peculiar system, of which he was very proud, in everything. His household, his stables, his kitchen were all directed by him, and engaged his constant surveillance. He imagined his authority pervaded everything; he certainly could detect the most minute peculation in his household; but his friend or his wife might deceive him in the most barefaced manner, and he would remain most ludicrously unconscious. To most persons he was insufferable from his aggressive conceit, which he united to the most frank tuft-hunting. No one thought him an actually bad man; he would walk a mile with the utmost goodnature to save his friend a shilling, though he would just as soon make unscrupulous use of the shilling thus saved for his own purposes. I little imagined, as I looked at him, sad his peculiarites affected me more and more, that he would inspire me with one of those strange feelings, partly amical, partly inimical, which, in a nature so weak and inconsistent as mine, would be more enduring than stronger affections. At first, I confess, I felt unmitigated dislike.

He soon rose and left the room, bored apparently with my monosyllable replies to his questions, and I was left to entertain Mrs. Compton. I waited for nearly two hours, but no Marian appeared. During the pauses of our conversation I heard animated conversation up-stairs, for it was summer, and doors and windows were wide open. I could distinguish the metallic tones of Mr. Warburton, but not his words; once I heard the voice of Marian calling out impatiently, "Be quiet, Harry," and I was glad thus to know that her child was with her, but that was all. At length, tired with my long and vain waiting, I rose, took my leave, and commenced retracing my steps homewards.

As I walked on I met Nora and Fanny; their cheeks were flushed as if they had been conversing on interesting subjects, and Fanny's eyes looked red as if she had been crying. She looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then in a broken and agitated voice said,

"How do you like Nora's brother-in-law?"

Nora made an ejaculation as if to stop her, but she went on, seeing I did not reply.

"Yes: Nora tells me Mrs. Villars is to be married to Mr. Warburton in a fortnight.—They have been engaged some time, and were to be married in two months' time, but some affairs of Mr. Warburton's have been settled sooner than he expected, and he arrived this morning with the good news."

She might have gone on for hours—I was literally stunned. There was a pause. At that very minute little Harry, who had been walking with them, ran up to me. I started as I saw him.

"It was not to him she spoke," I murmured.

"Look, Hubert," he said, "look at this pretty sword Papa Harry has given me."

I required nothing further; those innocent lips had spoken my doom. Both girls looked at me earnestly; I felt I turned white, and instinctively Fanny put her hand on my arm. I put it aside. I joked, I laughed, I tossed up little Harry in my arms till he shouted with delight, and left them astonished and doubtful of the truth of their surmises.

I locked my door behind me when I entered my room. I will not describe the hour or two which followed. I then rose and rang for my servant. I told him to pack up my things, as I was obliged to leave Speynings by the next train; asked for my mother, heard with relief she was out, wrote her a few lines of hasty farewell, and the evening of the next day I was in Paris.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I spent two years out of England. After some time had passed, I wrote regularly to my mother, and poured out to her the feelings of my heart. They were more bitter than I can describe. It was like the fierce, unslaked thirst of a fever unassuaged and unassuageable. Balzac says that the loss of an anticipated happiness is far more poignant than the loss of something which has been enjoyed. The imagination suffers, and adds to the suffering of the feelings. There was such a blending of the passion and the dream in my lost hope, that it almost drove me to madness. But in suffering and in sorrow, in love and in hate, still rose the fatal image to haunt, to pursue, and to torture. I tried everything. We are told that men have a thousand resources and pursuits, and that nothing obliges them to cherish the memory of an unhappy affection. I believe most men have felt as I did, that though the choice of these resources is ours, their efficacy is vain. I might as well have stayed at home gazing at a picture of Marian, as to have sought by any means whatever to remove her image from my sight. I plunged into dissipation, I occupied myself with politics, I travelled, I read; but I could not succeed in cheating myself for a moment. I endeavored to fancy myself in love with others; it was a miserable failure. Well had it been if the additional sorrow had been confined to myself: but with the selfishness which was mine, both from education and nature, in these experiments I wantonly sacrificed the happiness of better natures than my own. After a brief season of passionate demonstrations of love, for it was almost with ferocity that I attached myself to the Cynthia of the minute, hoping thereby to efface the past from my thoughts, some unconquerable recollection would in a moment sweep over me, and drown, as in a flood, my present fragile fabric of love, and I would break off in despair.

When the feeling I had excited had been as factitious as my own, this was easy work, and the outer decencies were preserved, each fell away quietly; but in others where I had met with an honest nature, and, little deserving as I was, roused a sincere affection, the rupture was harder and more violent, and with each wrench I lost some of the integrity of my soul. I was fast deteriorating in character and in habits. I became even more self-indulgent and callous to the claims and feelings of others. My letters betrayed my state of mind and feeling to my mother, and made her miserable. She mourned over me, and she, mistakenly enough, but naturally enough, attributed my change to Marian, and her deep-rooted dislike to her increased.

She was wrong; there are affinities which are unerring. No healthy love for a young girl of my own age, whom I could have loved and married in a straightforward way, would have been possible to me. No fidelity was in me to bestow upon reciprocated love. I required just such an irritating, unsatisfied longing to keep up in me the feeling which was to remain alive when all else was dead in me.

It was at Venice that a circumstance occurred, which will prove how hard had become that heart which in my childhood and youth had been pronounced as tender as a girl's; but the softness of which was more to be attributed to physical weakness and nervous sensibility than real gentleness. It will also show what futile attempts I resorted to, to learn that strange art of forgetting, that power so capricious and so impossible to regulate. Days and weeks and months of my mother's devotion and of Fanny's kindness passed away without leaving a trace, and not a word that Marian had ever spoken, not an airy grace which she ever displayed, not a turn of that enchanting head, not a fleeting blush on the soft, fair face, not a look from those large spiritual eyes, ever passed from my mind.

I was in a gondola late one evening. It was a festa, and the lagoons were crowded. It had been a warm day, but the wind had risen, and brought with it a feeling of freshness and relief. The water was sparkling and dancing, the gondolas, each with its light at its helm, flew along like fire flies, and the whole scene was most animated and picturesque.

A gondola shot past me in the direction of the piazza San Marco. I saw a white dress, a black lace veil through which shone golden hair, and a hand that looked like a white flower in the moonlight, was holding the folds of the veil together under the chin. The attitude, the height, the dress, irresistibly recalled Marian. A hope sharp and piercing as a serpent's sting, pierced into my heart. I told my gondolier to follow. In the press of boats I could not get very near, but I saw where the gondola stopped, and that out of it stepped two women and a man. It was some time, however, before I could come up to them, the Piazza was so thronged. I looked through the cafes, and among the various groups, but in vain. At length, in a corner of one of the furthest cafes, I heard singing. A man with a rich baritone voice was singing in the soft Venetian dialect a stanza of Tasso's. I was drawn to the sweet sounds, and seated at a table near the minstrel, was the same woman, her veil was thrown back, and she leaned her cheek on her hand. My heart stopped its beating. She was like, yet not Marian. It was but a resemblance, one of those strange, startling resemblances! The eyes were a little darker, the forehead somewhat higher, the mouth smaller, but less finely cut, the hair less wavy; trifling discrepancies, which did not at first sight take away from the effect, but which on further acquain-

tance, I detected, and which were signs of a different disposition. Less volatile, less versatile, more genuine. I introduced myself to these women. I found that the elder was a workwoman, the man and the younger woman were her step-brother and step-sister, and were being educated for the stage, the brother as a singer, the sister, Veronica, as an actress.

I introduced myself as an artist. I said I required a face like Veronica's, for the principal figure in a picture I was painting. Would she sit to me? She consented. The sister claimed a trifling remuneration. I fixed the next morning for her first sitting.

I waited for her with an agitation which I can now scarcely comprehend. It seemed to me that this representation of her in my room brought Marian nearer to me, that the death silence between us would be broken by this; it was like the spiritual manifestation, through an ordinary medium, of some glorified spirit.

In the morning, about twelve o'clock, my door opened, and the Venetian girl stepped into the room, holding by the hand a little boy, her sister's child. She wore a white dress and black veil. I seated her in a deep crimson arm-chair by the window, and arranged my easel. When I had done, and half concealed by it, I strove to realize the present; it was vain, it seemed to blend in a mocking phantasmagoria with the past. The child playing about the room, the lovely serene grace of the attitude, the eyes, the hair, the beautiful hands—oh, God! how like she was, and what a miserable outcast wretch I felt.

After two hours she rose, and I fixed the same hours for the morrow, and she bade me farewell in the soft wooing accents of her language, and was gone.

The beauty of this woman was certainly marvellous. Her walk, her mien, her gentleness, were all as if she had been born in the purple. In her conversation, perhaps, one might have detected that she was uneducated, but she spoke very little. In this, again, she was like her prototype. This indulgence was to me like opium; I could not resist it, though it unnerved me for the whole day afterwards.

Veronica, so she was called, had a mild, indolent manner, which gave one the idea of almost lethargic coldness, but was in reality a veil to the most impassioned sensibility.—She was afraid of herself. Her health was so weak that the least agitation might produce a fatal effect. I was warned of this by her sister. I found out still more from herself. During our mornings she confided to me much of her simple history. She and her brother had been brought up by this sister, much older than herself. The father had married twice, and the mother of the two younger ones was a German, and from her Veronica inherited her golden hair and fair complexion. She had been educated to sing on the stage, but over-study or natural delicacy had so weakened her, that after a very successful rehearsal she had broken a blood-vessel, and had almost completely lost her voice. All hope of that career was over. She had been obliged to give it up, much to her regret. She was now in hopes of becoming an actress. Her exceeding beauty, and her sweet-toned voice, well fitted her for this; but I doubted her strength, and she herself was very desponding. It was a beautiful nature. The reserve of the colder northern race had given to the Venetian refinement and delicacy, without taking from its glow and vitality. The white brow, over which the blue veins were so clearly traced, was pensive and thoughtful, but the full-curved, deep-red lips opened like a pomegranate, and were tremulous with sensibility. She had never loved. This I had discovered soon after our first meeting. Her sister and brother had till then occupied her heart. Her studies had engrossed her thoughts, and strange to say, an Italian girl of humble position, and devoted to a trying and equivocal profession, was as spirit pure as any English girl, fenced from all harm by the care and protection of an English home.

I observed that as our sittings continued, she lingered longer, spoke more, and though still very timid, she answered me more frankly and readily. Sometimes, when I raised my eyes from my work, I found hers fixed on me with a questioning and yearning look. With that expression on her face, she was the image of Marian, and I have sometimes, with an exclamation, rushed from the room, unable any longer to support the fatal resemblance.

She knew nothing of me or of my history, but English artists are sufficiently common in Italy for her to believe, without any doubt or suspicion, what I had said the first day we met.

Sometimes her sister came to fetch her, and I was pleased with the unvarying affection with which she treated Veronica. If she found her looking a little tired, she would invariably turn round upon me, and almost fiercely warn me that her sister's life hung on a thread. It seemed difficult to believe this, for the form was rounded, and the cheeks had a delicate bloom. But she was right. The fatal disease was going on insidiously all the while. I try to think so, at least.

Once or twice I thought I would give it up, but I could not. The dreamy felicity which I thus secured for two or three hours every day was a pleasure I could not deny myself. Insensibly the time was lengthened out. After the painting was over, I taught her English, and her progress was sufficiently rapid to interest me in the task. I was much interested in her, and the adoration I felt for the image she so vividly recalled, gave my manner an impassioned tone which must have deceived her.

I could see (alas! an innocent girl's heart does not veil its feelings very profoundly) that she was becoming attached to me. Her face was bright as a morning sunbeam when she entered; when she quitted me there was a look of soft regret which dimmed its beauty. We would talk of England—she was very curious about its customs, ways of living, country and town habits. Poor Veronica! she dreamed, no doubt, as youth often dreams—lost to the actual, absorbed in the ideal. A man of honor, or of the most moderate generosity, would have desisted, but I was not the man. When in her presence I felt a pleasure and an emotion which was inexpressibly exciting. It was partly Marian, partly Veronica. When absent, Veronica faded away, and Marian's image remained alone. I was, however, of so susceptible an organization that the subtle influence of the presence of so beautiful a woman had its own distinct share on my feelings. Then wild thoughts would master me, and I would ask myself whether I could not accept the portrait, fatally separated as I was from the original. But in all my different cogitations and reflections no thought crossed my mind how far the game I played would involve the poor girl's own future.

At length one day, it had been a very warm and sultry one, the windows were open, not the slightest breeze from the water below waved the heavy curtains, I was painting, lost in a sweet but sad dream, and Veronica, a little fatigued by her long sitting and lulled by the silence, had fallen asleep. It was so warm at noon now that she did not bring out her little nephew. Her head was thrown back, and the deep crimson-colored cushion of her chair lent its tint to her delicate face, a little paler than usual that day. Her long lashes rested on her cheek, and through the white and transparent eyelids the color of the eyes was faintly perceptible. It was a living portrait of Marian. I gazed on her and felt bewitched. I rose softly, put back the easel, approached and knelt down before her. It seemed that by magic art Marian was before me. All my vain yearnings, all my unsatisfied desires seemed to surge over my soul. I bent my head lower and lower, till my forehead almost touched her folded hands upon her lap. Oh, that I had died then and there! Suddenly she woke, and with an exclamation started to her feet, and with a look, glorified in its ecstacy, held out her hands. Surprise first and then rapture gleamed in her face.

"Do you love me?" she murmured.

I could not subdue the evil spirit within me. I folded her in my arms. I was intoxicated, entranced, delirious. "Mine, mine at last." I was mad, I hope and believe, at the moment.

I hushed the voice of conscience. I was acting a lie, but a tempter within me whispered it may become a truth, and this love may overcome the first. This, this may be the consolation time has reserved for me.

The hours passed. Her brother came for her. I dismissed her on the pretext that I would take her in an hour or two, as I was just concluding the picture. I could not spare her till it was finished. Yet as the time passed there were sudden and abrupt variations in my manner. She was aware of them, for she once or twice looked at me long and steadfastly, as if a doubt had arisen. But it passed. There were also mystic moments of ineffable delight during that day. Her hand stirred in mine with a clinging hold like a little bird which has found its nest.

An idolator whose carved image has replied to his prayer must feel a wondering rapture such as mine at intervals during this strange day.

I took her home. Before getting into my gondola, as we descended the broad stairs of the old palazzo, a man with a huge basket of flowers was ascending them. I took at hap-hazard a bunch. They were tuberoses. I gave them to her. As I did so the man said:

"Do not give those to the bella signora, they fade more quickly than other flowers."

She smiled, and said to me,

"No, no, I like them best;" and then, in an undertone, "does not everything fade, and happiness quickest of all?"

As she held them in her hand, bending her tender face over them, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. The graceful and fragrant flowers, the lovely woman, the rippling water below, the swarthy gondolier, leaning on his oar, awaiting us, and the deep blue sky which framed the whole picture.

We spent an hour or two on the Lagoon. It was late when we returned. I asked her if she would sing to me. I forgot at the moment it was a risk for her. She complied immediately, but unfortunately chose the same Neapolitan air I had heard Marian sing. Those sounds broke the spell forever. I started up with an oath, and almost roughly put my hand before her mouth. She looked shocked.

"Never, never," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Do not ask me. Oh, Marian!—oh, God!"

I was completely overcome, and burst into tears. The poor girl looked as white as death, and sat as if turned to stone. I slowly recovered, apologized, excused myself as best I might. But I could not undo the impression. We arrived at her house; I assisted her out of the gondola and noticed that, as she got out, she groped with an uncertain step, as if she had been struck blind and could not see her way. She would not allow me to accompany her up-stairs; she lived on the highest story. I returned to the boat and looked back; she was standing alone where I had left her. The moon shone on her face; there seemed something strange and menacing in the look.

I went home; I was very angry with myself—angry with Veronica, and I stupified myself with wine. My conscience accused me, and I could not shake off an impression of impending evil which clung to me and oppressed me like a nightmare.

The next morning I put away my painting; I broke up the easel; I walked up and down the room perplexed and remorseful. My selfishness revolted from the responsibilities which I had brought on myself. What could I do with Veronica?

I was so engrossed with my own thoughts that I did not observe it was long past the hour she usually came. At four o'clock some one knocked at the door, but instead of Veronica, there stood her sister. She was most violently agitated, her eyes swelled and red with weeping.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse, angry voice, "a gondola is below,—she wishes to see you."

"Who?"

"Veronica—you have killed her!"

"Good God! what do you mean?"

"I besought you to spare her. I told you how delicate she was—"

"Speak, woman, what do you mean?"

"Veronica is dying. She returned home last night shivering with fever; she went to bed; two hours afterwards she called me—blood was on her mouth; I sent for the doctor; he says there is no hope; it is the old complaint; some vein has broken inwardly. She told me she had been singing; she has caught cold; you have destroyed her."

"Come," she added, fiercely and quickly, "she wishes to see you—make haste."

I followed her; I need have no base fears now; Veronica's future was no longer in my hands.

I accompanied her sister to her house; it was a miserable, untidy little apartment, and my heart smote me when I thought what care Veronica must have taken to come daily from such an abode in her spotless neatness. A trifle like this swells the heart sometimes more than a great sacrifice. The tears were in my eyes. We passed into the inner room: on a low bed, drawn into the middle of the small garret, lay Veronica dying. Yes, the death damps were on her brow; the features drawn and livid; the loveliness was changed, and with it the likeness to Marian had faded from the face. The beauty now was nobler, graver, sadder. Death had transfigured it. In her hand was the bunch of tuberoses. How corpse-like and withered they looked! She opened her eyes as my step entered the room. I threw myself on my knees beside her. She looked at me quietly, and then spoke slowly and in broken gasps.

"It is all over," she said. "Why did you play this comedy with me?—to me it was life itself—and is now death. It was a fatal game."

"Veronica, forgive me."

I felt she knew, or at least suspected all.—By what supernatural intimation I knew not, but the truth had been revealed to her.

"You have had no pity for me," she continued, slowly; "you should have told me frankly at first—it would have been the same to you—but oh! the difference to me! Why let me dream such a foolish dream?—but you are so young," she added, with a protective, pitying tenderness, more pathetic than reproach or tears; "you did not know what you did. God forgive you as I do." With a sudden motion she turned and raised the tuberoses to her lips. "These flowers are less changed than I am. I am not like her now, am I? You will want me no more," she sighed; and then a faint, fleeting smile passed over her face. It was over.

I knew not how I got home again. It was a melancholy scene. The violent and uncontrolled grief of the poor sister—the savage looks and muttered threats of the brother—the prayers of the priest, and that poor insensible form, so deaf and blind to all earthly agitation around her. So near yet so far!

What could be done in the way of pecuniary help to the sister I did; she had no repugnance to accept it. She saw how grieved I was, and she attributed the fatal end to cold caught on the Lagoon. I might have been unpardonably careless, but nothing more.

The brother suspected more. A dark red suffused his face as I pressed my offers of service on him as on the rest of the family. He declined with an oath, and as I passed him he drew aside as if my touch was odious to him.

At one time, such an event would have well nigh broken my heart—now, I was unhappy, I cursed fate, thought myself under an evil doom, which entailed guilt upon me without any sin of my own, and that was all. This rebellious bitterness of feeling left a corroding power, which served still further to deteriorate and weaken my already perverted nature.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A pleasant character is given to the rising generation of San Francisco and to some extent to those of all California, by Mr. Sweeny, one of the supervisors of that city, who in a recent speech in the body of which he is a member, stated that in his opinion, "the school-children of San Francisco are more precocious in vice and blasphemy than any other children in the world."

☞ Turn not your back to the light of truth. He whose path is *from* the sun must walk in the shadow of his own earthly nature.

☞ There are a great many disgusting truths, and quite as many charming falsehoods.

☞ Mere sentiment is the weaker and ornamental part of passion. It is the top embellishment the wings and laurel of the Caducean wand, without its strength or magic power.

☞ Astronomers have lately been astonished by the complete disappearance of the large nebulæ discovered by Mr. Hurd in 1852, in one of the northern constellations. M. Leverrier is the discoverer of the change, which is certainly a most startling one, for if these nebulæ are not stars, all the astronomers have been playing with a false theory, and if they *are* stars and such a change as this has taken place, the fact would indicate that a radical change is beginning in the heavens which may herald the clash of all the heavenly bodies together.

☞ A rebel paper thinks the Federal gunboats will be disappointed in getting down the Mississippi to the gulf. No doubt the disappointment will be such that they will be "down in the mouth."

☞ Henry Ward Beecher was one of the spectators of the billiard match between Kavanagh and Foley, in New York, on Thursday night week, and his appearance was hailed with loud applause.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

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THE WAR.

The war goes briskly on. At Yorktown, the rebels are gathered in great numbers behind formidable entrenchments. Rumor says that Jeff. Davis heads them in person, and that he has about one hundred thousand men, though a large proportion are merely raw and forced levies, who cannot be depended upon. On the other hand, McClellan also has a large army—the size of which we know not, but doubtless it will prove sufficient. Every day we have reports of cannonading, sorties and skirmishing of a comparatively unimportant character. The rebels say the great battle of the war is to be fought on the peninsula between the James and the York river. It may be so.

We see it stated that on the way from Ship Point to the vicinity of Yorktown, our army passed no less than six large but deserted fortifications. The rebels and their negroes must have been kept busily employed this last year.

From Pittsburg Landing the accounts of the battle of Shiloh, which appears to be the proper name for the battle, are still confused and contradictory. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the attack was a complete surprise—many of our officers being bayoneted in their tents—and that said surprise was owing to the greatest negligence and the want of the commonest military precautions. It would almost appear that the entire army of the enemy moved from Corinth, and were for at least a day in the immediate vicinity of our advance, without our officers being aware of it! The result was the terrible contest of Sunday, which came as near resulting in the defeat and capture of Grant's division, as it well could come and fail. The good management of the chief of artillery, and the terrific fire of the gunboats, were all that saved us.

As it is, we undoubtedly gained the victory, because we repulsed the enemy, and held the field,—as Beauregard's own letter, asking permission to bury his dead, and acknowledging that "*he deemed it prudent to retire*," fully proves. Whether we retook all the artillery taken from us on Sunday, in addition to capturing one or more batteries of the rebel's, we are unable to say—the accounts differing on this point. As Gen. Halleck is now at the head of the South-Western army, we trust there will be no want of proper caution for the future.

Gen. Mitchell's dash upon Huntsville, and his taking possession of the line of the Charleston and Memphis road for a hundred miles from Decatur to Stevenson, was certainly a very brilliant performance. If properly supported, this movement cuts the only direct line of railroad communication between the East and the West.

Gen. Pope and Commodore Foote have invested Fort Pillow, which is above the mouth of the Hatchie river, and about eighty miles from Memphis, and, it is reported, taken Fort Wright, which we believe is a short distance below Fort Pillow. Pope is on the Arkansas side, and Foote, as accounts say, means to attack Pillow from below, having run past the fort with his gunboats, in order to head up stream during the engagement—so that, if disabled, the current will carry him out, instead of into, the enemy's fire; and also to enable Pope probably to cross the river in the rear of the enemy. Pope and Foote doubtless are desirous of adding to the laurels won at Island number Ten, of which Gen. Halleck writes to Gen. Pope:—

I congratulate you and your command on your splendid achievement. It exceeds in boldness and brilliancy all other operations of this war. It will be memorable in military history, and admired by future generations. You deserve well of your country.

From New Orleans we have rebel statements that, on the 14th instant, Forts Jackson and Philip, on the Mississippi—50 miles below New Orleans—were attacked by the National forces. Union advices, however, from Fort Pickens to the 6th, state that Gen. Arnold had received authentic information that ten of the mortar vessels with three steamers, had successfully run the gauntlet of the forts on the Mississippi at night, without a shot being fired at them. The same advices state:

Pensacola is not yet evacuated. This information is in all respects trustworthy. Mr. N. W. Wood, who has been living and doing business in Pensacola, and who made his escape from there on the 26th ultimo, tells me that there are yet at the Forts about 1,000 men, under the command of a Col. Jones.—Many of the guns have been buried, others spiked, and the heaviest and most valuable removed to the interior. He also says that both Forts McRae and Barrancas are undermined, and slow matches are ready to blow them up whenever we make the attack. It is evident that the rebellion is about used up at Pensacola.

On the whole, things seem to be getting along pretty well, and the sick man is regaining his health quite as rapidly as could reasonably be expected.

ASTONISHED AT LAST.

Our English cousins are fairly astonished at last. They have pooh-pooed Brother Jonathan so long—ridiculed his army, his navy, his big guns, his captains, his everything—that it is somewhat amusing to see them wakening up to a conviction that both in ships of war, and the guns said ships carry, poor, weak, inefficient Jonathan is decidedly ahead of themselves. They begin to perceive that their great Warrior—which cost over a million of pounds—would be a doubtful match for our little Monitor, costing about one-twelfth the money; and that Liverpool, and other ports, if a vessel like the Monitor should ever pay them a hostile visit (which Heaven forbid) would be with their present arrangements for defence most probably entirely at her mercy.

Well, cousins, did you think that the nation so fertile in all the inventions of peace, was likely to prove a blockhead in war? If you did, you are probably now becoming convinced of the contrary.

The House of Commons has voted the suspension of work on the stone fortifications, until they can consider the new aspect of affairs a little. Quite a compliment, we take it, to the New World from the Old. "Bloody old Bruiser," as Europe is, to use the *elegant* language of a Kentucky senator, she finds she can learn something as to fighting from her American descendants. Eric, son of Eric, of the tribes of the Northmen—famous of old as kings of the sea—is able to build a vessel which may defy any naval champion which now sails the European waters.

And when the news of the speedy reduction of Fort Pulaski reaches London, we may look for another start of surprise. "Stone walls and earthen fortifications are invulnerable," seemed one of the teachings of the Crimean war. But we are about to alter all that. Our masters of ordnance have not been entirely asleep while England was experimenting with her Armstrong and Whitworth guns.—We laugh, of course, at the wonderful stories which come to us from frightened Savannah, of guns whose shot went directly through thick stone walls,—seventeen feet the walls of Pulaski are, we believe—but that the Union cannon did prove their metal on that occasion, we are fully prepared to credit.

The "wooden walls of England," it is evident, are things of the past. The only use England can make of her great wooden navy, is to cut the vessels down, and plate them with iron. In a few years, we may feel perfectly safe in the unfortunate event of an European war—for batteries can probably be built, and guns made for them, more than a match for any vessel that can be trusted to cross the Atlantic Ocean. If so, it will be a good thing both for America and Europe.

CURIOUS RESULTS.

The statistics prepared by the Sanitary Commission of the army are said to show the following curious results. In August and September, the sickness in the army was in the following relative proportions:—

Western states,	98
Eastern states,	78
Middle states,	55
In October and November:—	
Western states,	108
Eastern states,	74
Middle states,	86
In December and January:—	
Western states,	107
Eastern states,	83
Middle states,	60

Not having seen the report of the Commission, we are unable to say what states are classed as Middle states—whether Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, &c., are classed with the Middle or the Western, but we infer the latter. The above statistics would seem to prove either the superior healthfulness of the Middle states over both the Eastern and Western, or else the superior care taken by the troops of the Middle states to preserve their health. We should judge, however, that the Eastern troops would be as careful as any in this respect. The Western troops we should expect to find a little careless and reckless—besides, Cairo and many other places which they have occupied, are notoriously unhealthy; though perhaps not so much worse than the banks of the Potomac.

ANOTHER WONDER.

We find the following in an English journal. It certainly is wonderful, if true:—

A new system of telegraph has been submitted to the Emperor Napoleon to which its inventor, M. Casolli, has given the name of "pantograph." This telegraph has been already worked at Florence and Leghorn. It transmits autograph messages and drawings with all the perfections and defects of the originals. An inhabitant of Leghorn wrote four lines from Dante, and they appeared in the same handwriting at Florence. A portrait of the same poet was painted at Leghorn, and it was reproduced at Florence, line for line and shade for shade. A bill of exchange was drawn in the same manner, and its authenticity admitted. The Emperor was much pleased at the trial made in his presence, and he proposes to establish it in France.

"THE CHANNINGS."—The *Daily Press*, of this city, says:—"Mrs. Wood seems to have a fairy loom for weaving fiction, for she can produce cloth of gold where others weave only cloth of frieze. At all events, let our readers take our word for it, that 'The Channings' is one of the most readable novels of the day."

☞ It is hard to emulate the gracefulness of a bright woman's letter to a trusted friend.

☞ There never was yet a good tongue that wanted ears to hear it.

☞ A gentleman who went off in search of his rights has returned to Louisville, and says the only ones he was likely to find in the Southern Confederacy were his funeral rites.

☞ "I am going to the post-office, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you'll find me there."

CAPTURE OF ISLAND NO. 10.

REFERENCES.

A—Stump of tree.
B and *C*—Plank fastened upon the stump, in which a pivot is set for the saw-frame to work upon.
D—Saw.
E—Water line.
F—Bottom.
HH—Frame of saw.

The Military Canal.

THE OPERATIONS OF COL. BISSELL'S ENGINEER CORPS—THE MANNER IN WHICH THE CANAL WAS CUT—THE LABOR OF THE UNDERTAKING—SKETCH OF THE MODE OF CUTTING DOWN THE TREES, ETC.

After the surrender of the forts at New Madrid, Col. Bissell's Engineer Regiment were sent over by Gen. Pope to ascertain whether it was not practicable to establish batteries opposite Island No. 10, so as to enfilade their works on the Kentucky shore. They spent three days in the swamps in canoes, with darkeys as guides, but found the project impracticable. Col. Bissell, however, stated that he could, by hard labor, get steamboats and flatboats through the woods and bayous, and by that means land our forces nearly opposite New Madrid, and take all the enemy's works in the rear. Gen. Pope at once gave him a *carte blanche*, and he sent to Cairo for four steamboats, six flats, and such guns as could be spared.

Their route was about twelve miles long, of which two miles were through thick timber, and the remaining ten through narrow, crooked bayous, grown up full of brush and small trees. They cut their way through, the track being fifty feet wide, in which thirty feet were required for the hulls of the boats. The timber was cut four feet below the surface of the water. In one short stretch they cut seventy-five trees thus deep, not less than two feet through. The machines were rigged from rafts and the lowest flats, and worked each by about twenty men. In the first place three large launches went ahead to cut out and push out of the track the underbrush and driftwood; then three rafts followed, on which were the men, who cut down and cut off the trees; then the saws, then two large barges, then one of the steamboats. Very large lines were provided to run from the capstan of the steamboat, and haul out by snatchblocks what the men could not handle.

Then followed the rest of the fleet, men being engaged all the time converting the flatboats into floating batteries. From the river to the levee the distance is about five hundred feet; here the water was shallow, and the route full of stumps; it took one whole day to pass this. Then the cut in the levee. Here the fall was over two feet, and the rush of water was very great. The largest boat was dropped through with five lines out ahead. Then a cornfield, overflowed from a cut in the levee. Here was something of a channel cut by the swift water, and they got along well nearly a quarter of a mile to the woods; here was the labor—two straight and long miles to the nearest point in the bayou. This it took eight days to get through. Then Wilson's Bayou, then Fast Bayou, then St. John's Bayou, which empties into the Mississippi at New Madrid.

It sometimes took twenty men a whole day to get out a half-sunken tree across the bayou. Such a place as that kept them back, as none of the rafts or flats could get by, and all had to wait. The water, after they got into the woods, was about six feet deep, with a gentle current setting across the Peninsula. In the Fast Bayou the current was tremendous, and the boats had to be checked down with heavy head lines. Here they found some obstructions, caused by drift heaps; but cutting off one or two logs would start all down the current.

Mode of Operations.

The sag of the saw gives the correct arc of the circle.

At each end of the saw a rope thirty feet in length is fastened and carried to the boats, upon which men are stationed. Ten men man and work each rope.

When the saw ran right they cut off a stump two feet in diameter in fourteen seconds. Often it pinched and ran crooked; and a gang would be two or three hours on one of the same size. If there happened to be any brush under water, it added much to the labor; it all had to be fished up, and carried out of the way.

BEAUREGARD'S SPEECH.

On the Commodore *Perry*, which went to Cincinnati with a load of wounded, was a rebel Major (we did not learn his name), who had been wounded. He states that before the fight Beauregard made a speech to his men to the following effect:

The engagement now before them was to be the decisive battle of this contest; if they lost it, all was lost; if they gained it, the prospect was bright. They had not had any pay, and if they failed in this battle, would not get any, for their money would not be worth a cent; if they gained a victory, each man should have $1,000.

This promise it was, says the Major, which nerved the rebel forces with such desperation and determination. But it was all of no avail.—*Louisville Democrat.*

UNION SENTIMENTS.

Officers of the Jacob Bell, which made a recent voyage up the Rappahannock, say that the people of Tappahannock welcomed them, and warmly expressed the hope that the old flag would soon float over all Virginia. The reconnoissance up the Rappahannock shows that the rebels are retiring from the line of that river. It is now believed that they are abandoning—if, indeed, they have not done so already—Fredericksburg altogether.

Emerson Etheridge says that in the rural districts of Tennessee, almost everywhere away from the large towns, loyalty is the rule, and sympathy with the rebellion the exception.

☞ Speaking of the articles abandoned by the rebels at Manassas, a correspondent says: "One thing seems significant—tracts and religious books are plenty, and soiled and mutilated Testaments are scattered thickly everywhere; but not a plug of tobacco or a drop of whiskey was left behind!"

PARSON BROWNLOW'S SPEECH

AT INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADA.

Fellow-citizens of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania generally: I regret that in appearing before you this beautiful morning, in the front of this glorious temple of liberty, my afflictions, and my diseased throat especially, will prevent me from doing justice to the theme about which I would like to address you.

For the last four years of my somewhat eventful life, I have suffered from a bronchial affection, to remedy which my physician directed that I should speak in the open air.—After doing so in the cause of temperance, preaching, &c., I found my complaint did not wear off, until in Cincinnati, the other day, I opened my batteries on this infinitely infernal rebellion, and then and there, as if by magic, my voice seemed like itself again. (Applause.) I attribute this to the providence of God, and the goodness of the cause in which I am engaged.

On my passage here I have been worked too hard, having spoken almost every night and day. I am now here to return to you my profound acknowledgments for the reception you have given me. I do not consider, however, that I have done anything to merit more than ordinary approval. I have done nothing more than my duty; I have only, to the best of my ability, fought the devil, Tom Walker, and Jeff. Davis. (Applause.)

I have contended for the Union of the States; have contended for the eternal waving of our glorious old flag, which traitors would trample under feet. In doing this I have done only my duty. I have done only what every American citizen should do, although it nearly cost me my life. Allow me, at the same time, to remark that you, my fellow countrymen, have no conception of the cost of discharging this duty in the South.

It is an easy matter to be a Union man in the good city of Philadelphia. It involves no risk for any of you to avow that you will forever stand by the flag of your country. But down South, the man who does that, does it at the risk of hemp without a foothold. I continued until the 25th of October in the proclaiming of my thoughts respecting the hideous character of the rebellion. On that day my paper was crushed, and I had no opportunity thereafter to denounce Jeff. Davis, nor the smallest reptile that follows his fortunes. It is not a new thing for me to struggle in behalf of the stars and stripes. I have always been a Union man; I was educated in the faith of the Union, and was a firm admirer of that motto—"The Constitution and the Union, and the Enforcement of the Laws." (Applause.) In 1833, I met nullification face to face in South Carolina, and travelled far and wide in upholding Jackson as against the South Carolina traitors. In politics I never was a Jackson man, but I take great pride in bearing testimony to his patriotism, for a truer patriot and more sincere lover of his country never lived nor died in Tennessee. (Applause.)

Mr. Brownlow said he had travelled on a circuit in Anderson district, where Calhoun lived, and had fought nullification all over the circuit. He had published and circulated an anti-nullification pamphlet of eighty pages through that region, in which he had eulogized the patriotism of "Old Hickory," though he had never been a Jackson man politically. He would say, however, that a firmer patriot than Andrew Jackson never lived in Tennessee, and that if his prayers would have brought the old hero out of his grave eighteen months ago, Jackson would have come forth and taken the chair at Washington. Then he would have risen eight or ten feet in his boots, and seized that infernal thief Floyd by the neck and forced the abandonment of the rebellion. (Great applause.)

Mr. Brownlow then proceeded to relate his experiences in Tennessee, after his paper had been crushed. He stated that a court-martial was held over him, and the verdict of hanging needed but one vote, and that vote was withheld by a drunken, unmitigated secessionist, and he was tempted to exclaim:

"Great God! on what a slender thread
Hangs everlasting things!"

The Parson said that he did not want an office. He wanted to go back to East Tennessee with a cocked hat and sword and a coil of rope to hang the rebels who had persecuted the Union men on every limb he came across. He particularly wished to hang a God accursed, hell-begotten, infinitely despicable scoundrel, named David Leadbeater, a rebel colonel, who came originally from Maine, but who had married seventy-five niggers at Mobile, and who now jumped higher, fell flatter, and squalled louder for the bogus Confederacy than any man born south of the line. His recital of the imprisonment, sickness, suffering, hanging, and whipping of the East Tennessee Union men was really saddening and horrifying.

He added that the Union sentiment in East Tennessee had never given way under these rebel persecutions and, as an evidence, he stated that at an election seven weeks ago in Knoxville, with 5,000 rebel bayonets in the town, the Unionists carried a ticket representing Lincoln, the war, and the Chicago platform. When Andy Johnson issues his proclamation for an election in Tennessee, the state will come back to the Union by fifty thousand majority. North Carolina will also come back, so will northern Alabama and Louisiana, for they were dragged out of the Union by fourteen Cotton State Senators, who violated at night the oaths sworn in day time. He had full confidence that the Government could suppress the rebellion and restore the Union, and then with a few months for rest, and a few baskets of champagne for refreshment, we could whip England and France. (Tremendous applause.) He had never liked that Mason and Slidell affair, and he diverged here for a few minutes to pitch into Slidell, whom he declared looked like an ourang-outang. He added that if God had intended any one to mistake Slidell for an honest man, He would have put a different face on him.

He next described the scenes of the prison-house in Knoxville. One hundred and fifty-seven men were confined there with him, without hardly food or clothing sufficient to keep them alive. He particularized instances of peculiar suffering, and his description of the dying scenes of the prisoners was thrilling. He related the hanging of an old citizen named Harman, and his son, neither of whom were responsible for any offence other than patriotism. A daughter called one day to see her suffering father in prison. After an interview of fifteen or twenty minutes, she was told by the officer that she must go. She then turned around and staggered out and thus addressed me, "Mr. Brownlow, write a dispatch to President Davis, and ask him to pardon my father." I took a pencil and wrote, Hon Jefferson Davis (the first word was a lie! [Applause.] I knew it was a lie, but I did it for effect.) "Hon Jeff. Davis, my father is to be hung at four o'clock this afternoon. I pray you, as he is my only earthly stay, I beg you not to hang my father."

In response to this, an hour after, a dispatch was received, and his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for nine months. As his time is out, the dear girl has her father restored to her arms. [Cheers.] Two other men, named Hensey and Fry, were confined in the same prison. There was no proof of the charge against them of bridge burning, but they were hung at the track of the railroad, on an oak limb, by the colonel commanding the military post, D. Leadbeater.

He was fifteen years of his life an officer in the United States army, and was born and educated in the state of Maine, away down in Maine—a most unmitigated and God forsaken scoundrel. He tied the rope around both their necks. He gave orders to the conductors of every train that passed to go at a snail's gallop, that the passengers might stand on the rear platform and strike the corpses as they passed; and strike them they did with their canes.

He, this Leadbeater, is a zealous southern man. I hope to have the pleasure, if we catch him, to hang him to the same oak limb, and to let the widow of Fry tie the knot around the rascal's neck. I hope I may be there while she does it.

They captured others who refused to go into the service to fight Lincoln, who have died in the same jail. Some were laid on a log and hoisted on blocks eight or ten inches from the ground, and their backs beaten with hickory until their blood ran down.

They asked Judge Bly for redress, and in answer to their plea, the Judge, who is a rank secessionist, said "these were revolutionary times." When I left there were five prisoners under sentence of death in Knoxville jail. Only seven weeks since they got up an election in the town of Knoxville, and at that election, with two or three thousand of their drunken troops walking the streets and threatening our lives, we beat them in every ward two to one. We carried Lincoln! We carried the war! And we licked them.

Now mark my prediction, whenever Andrew Johnson issues his proclamation for an election, the rebel hordes will have been driven out, we will carry the state into the Union by a majority of 50,000. [Cheers.] I know what I am saying. North Carolina will do the same thing. North Alabama is Union. Louisiana never did go out, they dragged her out by falsehood and fraud.

The fourteen Senators and Representatives in Washington, after taking an oath on the Holy Evangelists to support the Constitution, from a caucus sent messages for the legislatures to pass ordinances of secession, to seize Fort Moultrie and the other forts.

This government put down, some years ago, an insurrection in Massachusetts; more recently a little whiskey fuss in Pennsylvania, and the nullification of 1832; and now we'll crush this one. [Cheers.]

The speaker then proceeded to state the present condition of Southern affairs. A pair of coarse leather boots I have on cost fifteen dollars in Knoxville. There is not a paper of needles, a yard of prints or calico there, and a sheriff and a posse, with search warrants, could not get a paper of pins.

On the 3d of March, in the twenty-five or thirty stores in the town, there was not a fine tooth comb to be had, and every little secession head was filled with squatter sovereigns, travelling for their rights in the territory of the cranium. (Cheers and laughter.)

My friends, I am broke down from the excess of public speaking I have done since reaching Cincinnati. I must desist from saying anything more. I return to you my profound thanks.

I am banished from my own kin, and as soon as I hear of the army crossing over, I will leave post haste. I want to go with them and deliver a loyal people from the reign of tyranny and a God-forsaken band of usurpers.

I say it, that the people of Palestine did not more rejoice on hearing that a Saviour was born unto them, than will the suffering people of East Tennessee when the army crosses over.

They have my wife and five children as hostages for my good behaviour. By that I understand them to mean that I will not talk, write or think of their bogus confederation. I told my wife she must prepare to be executed, and when I left her she said, "Go on! pour hot shot into them from every stump." (Cheers.)

My son stayed to protect my family. My other son came to Cincinnati, and left to join the army at Cumberland Forge, swearing he intended to fight to see his mother.

As God is my judge, I would rather see them gibbeted for fighting under that flag, than be successful under the stars and bars. (Loud and continued cheering.)

In conclusion he thanked the people of Philadelphia, through their municipal authorities, for their favor, and hoped that the day might soon come when we would once more enjoy the blessings of a peaceful country.

He did not want an office, nor would he accept any one within the gift of the President. He wanted only to go back to his home, and continue to uphold, as best he could, the flag of the Union.

He retired from the stage amid great applause, and was then escorted back to his hotel.

These exercises finished, Mr. Brownlow was conducted back to his hotel, where he sought the rest that he so much needed. In company with Mr. Childs he afterwards went to the residence of that gentleman, at Bordentown, N. J., where he will remain to enjoy a period of repose for two or three weeks. He will then go to Washington.

THE REBEL ACCOUNTS OF THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.—The Missouri Democrat gives the following as the substance of the reports of the battle at Pittsburg Landing, made by the rebel prisoners who have been taken to that city:

Gen. Prentiss surrendered about 4 o'clock on Sunday evening. The rebel officers say he and his men fought well, but were completely surrounded when they gave up. They also say that their army was drawn up in line of battle on Saturday night, within a few hundred yards of our camps, and plainly saw our men going in and out of their tents. Their generals would not let them build their camp fires for fear of discovery. But for the rain and terrible condition of the roads, and the delay of the arrival of some of their reinforcements, they would have been down upon us on Saturday morning. Our gunboats, they admit, saved our army from complete annihilation on Sunday night. They say they cannot understand why we had no scouts or pickets out. They poured into our camps without resistance, and in many cases slew or captured our soldiers in their tents.

In their opinion, they have won a great victory. They claim to have routed us from our camp, captured our guns, and taken 8,000 prisoners. The fight on Monday was simply defensive, as they claim they retired in good order from the field. Their camp, they state, is now at Pea Ridge, a few miles south of Pittsburg, where they will make a grand stand.

☞ Charles XII., of Sweden, was dictating a letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, when a bomb fell through the roof into the next room of the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand. "What is the matter?" said Charles, calmly. The secretary replied—"Ah, sir, the bomb!" "But what has the bomb to do," said Charles, "with what I am dictating to you? Go on!"

"OUR LAST DAY IN THE RICHMOND TOBACCO WAREHOUSE PRISON."

The prisoners, having received new uniforms from Uncle Sam, are throwing out their old clothing to the delighted negroes. *From Lieutenant Harris's recent work, called "Prison Life in Richmond," published by George W. Childs, Philadelphia.*

FORT PULASKI TAKEN.

From rebel newspapers we have the intelligence that Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah river, has been captured by the United States forces. It surrendered unconditionally, after a bombardment of two days, in which seven breaches were made in the walls, all the barbette guns facing our battery dismounted, as well as three of the casemate guns, and three balls penetrated the magazine. The evening previous to the surrender, the rebel commander telegraphed that our fire was so terrible that no human being could stand upon the ramparts. Our battery of eight guns was at King's Landing, and the balls went through the walls of the fort.

The Union accounts say:—It has been stated that the projectiles fired from our guns went at once through the walls, but such was not the case. Second and third shots, which were aimed at the same place with extreme accuracy, did the work which the rebels attributed to single shots. We had 14 batteries, mounting 36 guns in all. The bombardment was most effective from the batteries on Goat Island. These were mounted with Parrott and James guns, and on the second day their rapid and heavy fire made two large breaches in the fort. One of them, says our informant, was 13 or 15 feet wide, and "large enough to drive a double team through;" the other was 8 or 10 feet in width, and the *debris* from the fort filled the moat with bricks and mortar, so that after the surrender our men had no difficulty in walking across the moat on the piles of rubbish.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

The following was received at the War Department on the 18th, from General Hunter, commanding the Union forces in South Carolina:—

PORT ROYAL, S. C., April 16, via Sandy Hook, N. J., April 18.

We opened our batteries on Fort Pulaski on the morning of the 10th. After thirty hours continuous firing, a practicable breach was made, also preparations for storming, and it was about to commence, when the rebel flag was struck.

We captured 47 guns, 7,000 shot and shells, 40,000 pounds of powder, three hundred and sixty prisoners, with their small arms and accoutrements, and a good supply of provisions.

One of our men was killed, and not one wounded.

IMPORTANT FROM THE WEST.

Beauregard's Dispatch Intercepted by General Mitchell.

From the New York Herald.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 16.—The latest information from the South is of the utmost importance. Beauregard's army has been terribly demoralized, and according to his own confession, he has now only 35,000 men. The following telegram has been intercepted by Gen. Mitchell, and is a full confession of the hopelessness of the rebel cause in the West. I append it *verbatim*, leaving you to comment on its importance:—

"CORINTH, April 9, 1862.

"*To Gen. Samuel Cooper, Richmond, Va.*

"All present probabilities are that, whenever the enemy move on this position, he will do so with an overwhelming force of not less than 85,000 men. We can now muster only about 35,000 effectives. Van Dorn may possibly join us in a few days with about 15,000 more. Can we not be reinforced from Pemberton's army? If defeated here we lose the Mississippi Valley, and probably our cause. Whereas, we could even afford to lose, for awhile, Charleston and Savannah, for the purpose of defeating Buell's army, which would not only insure us the Valley of the Mississippi, but our independence.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD"

OTHER ITEMS.—Fort Wright is said to be but another name for Fort Pillow. Of course it is not taken.

At the battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg) we lost thirteen pieces of artillery, and captured fifteen.

There is no foundation for the report of Gen Prentiss's escape. The greater part of the Eighth, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Iowa, Fifth Illinois, and Twenty-third Missouri were captured with him.

The 71st Ohio have been sent to Fort Donelson, and deprived of their colors. Another regiment has been disbanded, and mustered out of service.

☞ A Miss Bell, in Pennsylvania, has just obtained a verdict against a clergyman of $10,000, for breach of promise. Few clergymen are worth that much; and it is a big price for not ringing a bell.

☞ Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler is continuing her readings to the soldiers in the hospitals in Washington.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer thinks it difficult to say which side whipped at Winchester. It is very easy to say which side ran.

☞ There was a young man living not a thousand miles from Toledo, divorced from his wife recently on account of "incompatibility." About three weeks after the separation, the once-was wife fell heir to about $20,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

IT has been seriously proposed to place a stamp tax of five dollars on every letter of recommendation for office, and an additional entry-tax of ten dollars on every candidate who may file his papers at department. This, according to the estimate of the House Committee on Ways and Means, will produce an annual revenue of over $10,000,000, which will be doubled on the year that a new President is inaugurated.

SPLENDID antique curiosities have been revealed by the dredging machines employed in lowering the bed of the Seine, at Lyons, France, which have brought up nearly 1,000 coins and medals, the earliest being bronze, and bearing the heads of Julius Cæsar and some of the first Roman Emperors. Many also belong to the reigns of Louis IX., Louis XII., Charles IX., and Henry IV. Among the silver coins found, were several six-livre pieces of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Nearly all have been purchased by amateurs.

THE yacht America (the same which bore off the prize from the English yachtmen, at Cowes) has been sailing under the rebel flag, in the waters of Florida; but now has fallen a prize to Uncle Sam. The America, it seems, was purchased of her English owners by the rebel government, last winter, for $60,000, and was brought over for the express purpose of carrying Mason and Slidell to Europe.

NASHVILLE is said to be growing quite gay and lively again. Our soldiers behave well. The true and loyal steadily multiply, the working men, especially, talking right out in meeting on the goose. Even the secesh are growing philosophical.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S DIVISION.—The Rochester (N. Y.) Advertiser says: "When Gen. McClellan left Washington, Gen. McDowell's corps had orders to follow in a given time. But after Gen. McClellan had reached Fortress Monroe, two new departments were carved out of the department of the Potomac, and Gen. McDowell was assigned to the command of the one he already occupied. Gen. McClellan telegraphed the President for the 'expected and desired' troops, adding, that deprived of them it would take him considerably longer to break through the rebel line of fortifications. But the President would not order them forward. These are the facts, as stated by the President himself."

HON. CHARA MACKAY, the daughter of a Scotch peer, lately committed suicide in London, by throwing herself from her bedroom window, forty feet from the ground. She was thirty-six years of age, unmarried and very wealthy.

COTTON.—The Nashville Patriot of Saturday, says that there are indications that the cotton trade will be revived in that city. At one warehouse several wagon loads of the great staple had been received; also samples of 50 bales of fine cotton.

A RESOLUTION has passed the Wisconsin Assembly, tendering to the President of the United States an unqualified approval of his course, from the day of his inauguration to the present time. There was but one vote against it.

JOHN BELL, of Tennessee, denies that he made a speech at Huntsville, or anywhere else, since his flight from Nashville. The people, he says, assembled at his window and asked him to speak, but he refused.

GOVERNOR BUCKINGHAM, of Connecticut, has been elected President of the American Temperance Union, in place of ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, deceased, and has accepted the appointment.

THE Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen died recently, at his residence in New Brunswick, N. J., aged 75 years. He was the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency on the ticket with Henry Clay in 1844, but had also been Attorney General of New Jersey, United States Senator, Chancellor of the University of New York, President of Rutger's College, and President of the American Sunday-School Union.

ITS PLATFORM.—The Richmond (Ky.) Messenger, the publication of which has been suspended for some time in consequence of secession rule, has been resumed, and the editor says it will in future be conducted on these principles: "To restore the Union, to hang the leading traitors, to pardon the people, and to stand by the Constitution."

REPOPULATION OF VIRGINIA.—The repopulation of Virginia in the rear of our victorious armies, by settlers from the free states, has already begun. Buyers of land at and in the vicinity of Manassas have appeared, but they experience a difficulty in purchases. The real owners are chiefly rebels, and are fugitives from their possessions. Of course, purchases will not be made of any but the owners, and they must be loyal to insure future protection to the transactions. The result will be, in the absence of loyal owners, that strangers will take possession in the manner of the squatters of the West, and leave to the future the settlement of title, which will doubtless be confirmed to the new holders in process of time. In this way, and in various other ways, the deserted wastes of Eastern Virginia will be reoccupied by a people who will make them blossom as a rose.—*Washington Correspondent.*

ON Wednesday of last week, a large boat containing a load of Pennsylvania troops of Col. Bohlen's regiment, was swamped while crossing the Shenandoah river, at Castleman's Ferry, and between forty and fifty officers and men drowned. This regiment was from Philadelphia.

THE Government has again granted permission to the troops over the Potomac to re-open correspondence with their families and friends, and the letters thus written will receive the best care and prompt attention in their forwarding and delivery. This will be welcome news to the thousands of dear ones at home.

THE statements that the Southern planters had virtually abandoned the cultivation of cotton the present year, are more than confirmed by the highest authority since those statements were made. Grain, roots, hay, and cattle and sheep raising will take the place of cotton, and the unprecedented fact may be noticed a year hence that there is not a bale of American cotton in the world.

IT is rumored that General Grant is to be court martialled for the surprise at the battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing).

SOME brisk skirmishing is reported from Yorktown, but no movement of consequence has transpired.

STARTLING PROPOSAL.—A Mr. Sanderson, of Orleans county, N. Y., make this startling proposition through the columns of the Rochester Democrat:—

The undersigned is willing to enter into an agreement to build two steam battering rams for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($150,000), and whip any war vessel now afloat, without firing a gun or losing a man; then for seventy-five thousand dollars ($75,000), he will build four rams, and whip the two first, without firing a gun or losing a man on either side; then for twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000) he will build a caloric pony, and place on its back a battery, and do more fighting with it than any regiment of infantry that is now in the field, and by so doing demonstrate the fact that the day has come when nations can disband their armies and navies, and, comparatively speaking, do all their fighting by caloric or steam."

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW MARKET.—The War Department received, on the 17th, from Gen. Banks, the important information that at 7 o'clock in the morning his troops had taken possession of Mount Jackson, and by vigorous pursuit of the rebels, had prevented the destruction of the railway bridges, and taken possession of valuable rolling stock.—The rebels are in force in front of General Banks's position, and it is expected they intend giving fight. Gen. Shields, meantime, has recovered so far as to be able to take command of his division. Mount Jackson is directly south of Woodstock, and west, and a little south of, Manassas.

——Since the above, we learn that Gen. Banks's army steadily continues its advance through the Shenandoah valley, and has reached and occupied the town of New Market.

A DASHING EXPLOIT.—Gen. Mitchell, having captured Huntsville, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, (east of Corinth) sent out two expeditions in the captured cars. One under Col. Sill, of the Thirty-third Ohio, went east to Stevenson, the junction of the Chattanooga with the Memphis and Charleston railroads, at which point they seized two thousand of the enemy, who were retreating, without firing a shot, and captured five locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock.

The other expedition, under Col. Turchin, of the Nineteen Illinois Regiment, went west, and arrived at Decatur in time to save the railroad bridge, which was in flames.

Gen. Mitchell now holds a hundred miles of the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

☞ The cattle disease has broken out again in Massachusetts.

☞ In a biography of Garibaldi, written by his private Secretary, a chapter is devoted to the "correspondence of the hero with English women, who write to beg a lock of his hair." He dictates short answers, through his Secretary, and the following soliloquy is added to the account, uttered by Garibaldi, we presume, of course:—"Love is life! I strongly feel the want of it. Oh, the illusion! For where can we find women who would understand us—who would be happy away from the vanities of the world? It is difficult. Perhaps a kind Englishwoman might—try."

☞ The Duke and Duchess of Argyll have been making a visit to Tennyson at the Isle of Wight.

☞ Mrs. Thwaites, wife of an English dentist, has sued for a divorce on the ground of cruelty, charging the dentist with pulling out sixteen of her teeth, not allowing her any artificial ones, and keeping food from her that she could masticate—always giving her the hard pieces of meat and gristle! What a scamp!

☞ The contract price for the new Ericson iron clad batteries is $400,000 each.

☞ George Peabody, the great American banker in London, has made a donation of $750,000 to be applied for the relief of the poor of the English metropolis. Such an act of true benevolence—so extensive in amount—from a living man, is not recorded in history.

LATEST NEWS.

Advance of Gen. McDowell's Army.

Gen. McDowell made a dashing and successful advance, with a portion of his army, from Warrenton Junction upon Fredericksburg, on Thursday, accomplishing a march of twenty miles by seven o'clock on Friday morning. The rebels, consisting of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and a battery, intercepted their route, but were driven across the Rappahannock, and our troops occupied the suburbs of Fredericksburg, having pushed forward in spite of the successful efforts of the enemy to destroy the bridges, which retarded though it did not prevent the pursuit of our troops. The Ira Harris cavalry played a conspicuous part in the action, and suffered considerably. Some hard fighting was done, but our loss was not very heavy. The rebels, however, are reported as having been pretty badly cut up wherever they made a stand. General McDowell's corps is in full occupation of Fredericksburg.

From Gen. Banks' Army.

SAFETY OF THE BRIDGES ACROSS THE SHENANDOAH—A SKIRMISH—FLIGHT OF JACKSON.

NEW MARKET, Va., April 19, 9 P. M.—To-day I have been to the bridges on the south fork of the Shenandoah, in the Massanitten valley, with a force of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to protect the two important bridges that cross the river. We were within sight of Surav. At the south bridge a smart skirmish occurred with the rebels, in which they lost several men taken prisoners. Their object was the destruction of the bridges.

One of the prisoners left the camp on the Rappahannock on Tuesday morning. He says there were no fortifications there up to that time. Other reports indicate a strong force at Gordonsville, and a contest there as probable—the whole resulting in a belief that they are concentrating at Yorktown.

I believe that Jackson left this valley yesterday. He is reported to have left Harrisonburg yesterday, for Gordonsville, by the mountain road. He camped last night at McGraneytown, eleven miles from Harrisonburg. (Signed) N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding.

NEW MARKET, VA.,
April 20, 9 o'clock, A. M.

To Hon. E. M. SANTON, Secretary of War:

The flight of Jackson from the valley by the way of the mountains from Harrisonburg towards Swannardsville and Orange Court House on Gordonsville, is confirmed by our scouts and prisoners.

(Signed) N. P. BANKS,
Major-General Commanding.

Dispatch from General Fremont.

HEADQUARTERS, WHEELING, VA.,
April 20, 1862.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—

Intelligence has just been received from Gen. Milroy stating that the enemy, numbering about 3,500 men, with two batteries, including two rifled guns, are constructing fortifications upon the crest of the Shenandoah. Reliefs of 500 men are constantly at work day and night.

The rebel encampment is on the eastern slope of the mountain, extending down five miles from the summit. A notorious guerilla, named Frederick W. Chewning, has been captured by a cavalry company, under Gen. Milroy.

(Signed) JOHN C. FREMONT,
Major General.

Attack on Fort Wright by Com. Foote.

CAIRO, April 19.—(Special to the Chicago Tribune.)—Off Fort Wright there was very heavy firing on both sides on Thursday, our mortars opening at noon. The enemy replied briskly from his land batteries, throwing shell clear over us, and nearly across the river. Their firing was very accurate, and from very heavy guns.

The gunboats St. Louis, Carondelet and Cairo, which were stationed as picket ships near the extremity of the point, had to move up the river to get out of range.

Gen. Bragg has assumed command. There are about 6,000 rebel troops there, and 4 gunboats in the river, mounting 24 guns.

LATER.—The bombardment of Fort Wright continues, and is participated in by one mortars and gunboats. The enemy reply vigorously, doing no damage. There is no expectation of a reduction of the fort at present. The high stage of the water will prevent any co-operation on the part of the land forces for some days.

Movements of Gen. Mitchell.

Gen. Mitchell is now at Juka, a short distance in the rear of Corinth, having burned the bridges across the Tennessee at Decatur and Florence. At Decatur he cut the telegraph wires and intercepted a message from Beauregard to Davis, demanding reinforcements to Corinth, without which he could not hold his position. Mitchell answered the dispatch, and promised the reinforcements.

Skirmish at Savannah.

At Savannah, Tenn., a cavalry skirmish took place on Wednesday, in which the rebels were driven off, with a loss of five killed and 65 wounded. Some of the refugees report that the rebels are fortifying at Lick Creek, half-way to Corinth, and strengthening their works at Corinth, and have been reinforced to about 100,000.

Skirmish near Fort Macon, N. C.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The steamer Ellen S. Terry has arrived, from Newbern on the 17th. Four companies of the Connecticut Eighth, had a skirmish on the 13th, with a force of 150 rebels, who made a sortie from Fort Macon and drove in our pickets. After a short engagement the rebels were driven back to the fort. Capts. Schaffer and one private of Co. H, were severely wounded. The rebels carried four of their men to the rear, one supposed to be dead.

Miscellaneous.

Gen. McClellan's official report of the skirmish near Lee's Mills, in front of Yorktown, on Wednesday, gives our loss in killed, wounded and missing as one hundred and sixty-four. The rebel accounts put down their loss at twenty-five killed and seventy-five wounded.

Ex-Mayor Berrett, of Washington, D. C., has declined to serve as one of the Emancipation Commissioners.

THERE has been a very extensive fire at Norfolk, which burned a night and a day.

THE Western rivers are in high flood. Columbus and Mound City are submerged. Below Mound City the Illinois Central Railroad track is carried away.

BRIGADIER GENERAL SHIELDS has been nominated as a Major General for gallant services at Winchester.

☞ Young Nimrod, being asked by a lady for his photograph, pleaded that his hunting did not give him time to sit for it. On which the lady naively answered—"I fear, sir, you are putting the horse before the cart."

☞ (Clever gent to his friend)—"How are you Cl? Going to one surprise party to-night?" (Friend)—"Well, don't know, where is it?" (Gent.)—"At *my house!*"

THE CARTE DE VISITE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

[Few trifling gifts receive such thanks as the graceful poetess Florence Percy sent in return for one of those little photographs which are now so popular—and which a friend had forwarded to her. It represented the original standing by a chair, hat in hand, with a sort of going directly air about it—and the suggestiveness of the position inspired the following little poem:—]

Are you going to leave me—or why do you stand
At the foot of the stairs with your hat in your hand;
Ah, the thousand of years which have passed since we met,
Have they brought you new burthens of grief and regret;
I fancy your face has been furrowed by care,
And sorrow has written her autograph there:—
I see it—although but a moment you stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in your hand.

And, speaking of stairs,—when some evenings you go
To a stylish re-union in Rattlepurse Row,
Where are figures as faultless and faces as fair
As the waxy camellias that loop up their hair,
And music, and moonlight, and waltzes and wine,
Where rich garments rustle, and rare jewels shine,—
How you wish you could flee from it all and could stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in your hand.

But you try to out-smile and out-flatter the rest,
With your heart beating bitterly under your vest—
While you choke down the pain with a jest and a song,
And flutter your best in the butterfly throng;
But the small talk all done, and the compliments passed,
You rejoice to get out of the parlor at last.
Oh, the feeling of blessed relief when you stand
At the foot of the stairs, with your hat in your hand!

So I think, now-a-days, in this hurry and strife,
This aching deception which people call life,
A sort of masked ball, where no seeming is true,
And no one turns out as we thought he would do;
Where false glitter tires us, and empty hopes cheat,
And we keep all the bitter, and lose all the sweet,
How glad I shall be when 'tis done, and I stand
At the foot of Life's stairs, with my hat in my hand!

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GLOOMY CHAPTER.

The winter was coming in, intensely hard. Frost and snow lay early upon the ground. Was that infliction in store—a bitter winter—to be added to the already fearful distress existing in this dense metropolis?

Distress of a different nature existed in the house of Mr. Hunter. It was a house of sorrow; for its mistress lay dying. The spark of life had long been flickering, and now its time to go out had come.

Haggard, worn, pale, stood Mr. Hunter in his drawing-room. He was conversing with his brother Henry. Their topic was business. In spite of existing domestic woes, men of business cannot long forget their daily occupation.

"Of course I shall weather it," Mr. Henry was saying, in answer to a question. "It will be a fearful loss, with so much money and buildings standing still. Did it last very much longer, I hardly know that I could. And you, James?"

Mr. Hunter evaded the question. Since the time, years back, when they had dissolved partnership, he had shunned all allusion to his own prosperity or non-prosperity, with his brother. Possibly he feared it might lead to that other subject—the mysterious paying away of the five thousand pounds.

"For my part, I do not feel so sure of the strike's being near its end," he remarked.

"I have positive information that the eligibility of withdrawing the strike at the Messrs. Pollock's has been mooted by the central committee of the Union," said Mr. Henry. "If nothing else has brought the men to their senses, this weather will do it. It will end, as nearly all strikes have ended, in their resuming work upon our terms."

"But what an incalculable amount of suffering they have brought upon themselves!" exclaimed Mr. Hunter. "I do not see what is to become of them, either, in the future. How are they all to find work again? We shall not turn off the stranger men who have worked for us in this emergency, to make room for them."

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Henry. "And those strangers amount to nearly half my complement of hands. Do you recollect a chap of the name of Moody?"

"Of course I do. I met him the other day, looking like a walking skeleton. I asked him whether he was not tired of the strike. He said *he* had been tired of it long ago; but the Union would not let him be."

"He hung himself yesterday."

Mr. Hunter replied only by a gesture.

"And left a written paper behind him, cursing the 'strike and the Trades' Unions, which had brought ruin upon him and his family.' I saw the paper. A decent, quiet man he was, but timorous, and easily led away."

"Is he dead?"

"He had been dead two hours when he was found. He hung himself in that shed at the back of Dunn's house, where the men held a meeting or two in the commencement of the strike. I wonder how many more this wretched state of affairs will send, or has sent, out of the world!"

"Hundreds, directly or indirectly. The children are dying off quickly, as the registrar-general's returns show. A period of prolonged distress always tells upon the children. And upon us also, I think," Mr. Hunter added, with a sigh.

"Upon us in a degree," Mr. Henry assented, somewhat carelessly. He was a man of substance; and, upon such, the ill effects fell lightly. "When the masters act in combination, as we have done, it is not the men who can do us permanent harm. They must give in, before great harm has had time to come. James, I saw that man this morning: your *bete noire*, as I call him."

Mr. Hunter changed countenance. He could not be ignorant that his brother alluded to Gwinn of Ketterford. It happened that Mr. Henry Hunter had been cognizant of one or two of the unpleasant visits forced by the man upon his brother, during the last few years. But Mr. Henry had avoided questions: he had the tact to perceive that they would be deemed unpleasant.

"I met him near your yard. Perhaps he was going in there."

The knock of a visitor was heard at the front door as Mr. Henry spoke, and Mr. Hunter started like one struck by a pistol-shot. The mention of Gwinn's name at that moment, evidently led his thoughts to the supposition that he might be the visitor. He backed away from the door, unconscious what he did in his fear and tremor, his lips blanching to a deadly whiteness.

"I cannot see him! I cannot see him!" Mr. Henry moved up and took his hand.

"James, there has been estrangement between us on this point for years. As I asked you once before, I now ask you again: confide in me and let me help you. Whatever the dreadful secret may be, you shall find me your true brother."

"Hush!" breathed Mr. Hunter, moving his brother off in his scared alarm. "Dreadful secret! who says it? There is no dreadful secret. Oh, Henry! hush! hush!"

Not the dreaded man, but Austin Clay, was the one who entered. Mr. Hunter sat down, breathing heavily, the blood coming back to his face; he nearly fainted in the revulsion of feeling brought by the relief. Broken in spirit, shattered in health, the slightest thing was now sufficient to agitate him.

"You are ill, sir!" exclaimed Austin, advancing with concern.

"No—no—I am not ill. A momentary spasm, which I am subject to."

Mr. Henry moved to the door.

"I will come in again, later, James, to see how Louisa is."

"Who has been to the office to-day?" Mr. Hunter inquired of Austin, as his brother went out.

"Let me see. Lyall came, and Thompson—"

"Not men on business, not men on business," he interrupted, with feverish eagerness—"strangers."

Austin Clay turned his face away as he answered.

"Gwinn of Ketterford. He came twice. No other strangers have called, I think."

Whether his brother's suggestion that he should be enlightened as to the "dreadful secret," had rendered Mr. Hunter suspicious that others might surmise there was a secret, certain it is that he looked up sharply as Austin spoke, keenly regarding his countenance, noting the sound of his voice.

"What did he want?"

"He wanted you, sir. I said you were not to be seen. I let him suppose that you were too ill to be seen. Bailey, who was in the counting-house at the time, gave him the gratuitous information that Mrs. Hunter was in danger." Why this answer should have increased Mr. Hunter's suspicions, he best knew. He rose from his seat, grasped Austin's arm, and spoke with menace.

"You have been prying into my affairs. You sought out those people—the Gwinns—when you last went to Ketterford. You—"

Austin withdrew from the grasp and stood before his master, calm and upright.

"Mr. Hunter!"

"Was it not so?"

"No, sir. I thought you had known me better. I should be the last to 'pry' into anything that you might wish to keep secret."

"Austin, I am not myself to-day, I am not myself; I know not what I say. This grief, induced by the state of Mrs. Hunter, unmans me."

"How is she, sir, by this time?"

"Calm and collected, but sinking fast. You must go up and see her. She said she should like to bid you farewell."

Through the warmed corridors, so well protected from the bitter cold reigning without, Austin was conducted to the room of Mrs. Hunter. Florence, her eyes swollen with weeping, quitted it as he entered. She lay in bed, her pale face raised upon pillows: save for that pale face and the labored breathing, you would not have suspected the closing scene to be so near. She raised her feeble hand and made prisoner of Austin's: the tears gathered in his eyes as he looked down upon her.

"Not for me, my dear," she whispered, as she noted the signs of sorrow. "Weep rather for those who are left to battle yet with this sad world."

Austin swallowed down the lump that was rising in his throat.

"Do you feel no better?" he gently inquired.

"I feel very well, save for the weakness.—Austin, I shall be glad to go. I have only one regret, the leaving Florence. My husband will not be long after me; I read it in his face."

"Dear Mrs. Hunter, will you allow me to say a word to you on the subject of Florence? I have wished to do it before we finally part."

"Say what you will."

"Should time and perseverance on my part subdue the prejudices of Mr. Hunter, and I succeed in winning Florence, will you not say that you bless our union?"

Mrs. Hunter paused.

"Are we quite alone?" she asked.

Austin glanced round to the closed door.

"Quite," he answered.

"Then, Austin, I will say more. My hearty consent and blessing be upon you both, if you can, indeed, subdue the objection of Mr. Hunter. Not otherwise: you understand that."

"Without her father's consent, I am sure that Florence would not have me. Have you any idea in what that objection lies?"

"I have not. Mr. Hunter is not a man who will submit to be questioned, even by me. But, Austin, I cannot help thinking that this objection to you may fade away—for, that he likes and esteems you greatly, I know. Should that time come, then tell him that I loved you—that I wished Florence to become your wife—that I prayed God to bless the union. And tell Florence."

"Will you not tell her yourself?"

Mrs. Hunter made a feeble gesture of denial.

"It would seem like an encouragement to dispute the decision of her father. Austin, you will say farewell, and send my husband to me? I am growing faint."

He clasped her attenuated hands in both his; he bent down and kissed her forehead. Mrs. Hunter held him to her.

"Cherish and love her always, should she become yours," was the feeble whisper. "And come to me, come to me, both of you, in eternity."

A moment or two in the corridor to compose himself, and Austin met Mr. Hunter on the stairs, and gave him the message.

"How is Baxendale?" Mr. Hunter said: "I forgot to inquire."

"A trifle better. Not yet out of danger."

"You take care to give him the allowance weekly?"

"Of course I do, sir. It is due to-night, and I am going to take it to him."

"Will he ever be fit for work again?"

"I hope so."

Austin departed, and Mr. Hunter entered his wife's chamber. Florence, who was also entering, Mrs. Hunter feebly waved away.

"I would be a moment alone with your father, my child. James," Mrs. Hunter said to her husband, as Florence retired—but her voice was now so reduced that he had to bend his ear to catch the sounds—"there has been estrangement between us on one point for many years: and it seems—I know not why—to be haunting my death-bed. Will you not, in this my last hour, tell me its cause?"

"It would not give you peace, Louisa. It concerns myself alone."

"Whatever the secret may be, it has been wearing your life out. I ought to know it."

Mr. Hunter bent lower.

"My dear wife, it would not bring you peace, I say. I contracted a debt in my thoughtless youth," he whispered, in answer to the yearning glance thrown up to him, "and I have had to pay it off—one sum after another, one after another, till it has nearly drained me. It will soon be at an end now."

"Is it nearly paid."

"Ay. All but."

"But why not have told me this? it would have saved me many a troubled hour. Suspense, when fancy is at work, is hard to bear. And you, James: why should simple debt have worked so terrible a fear upon you?"

"I did not know that I could stave it off: looking back, I wonder that I did do it. I could have borne ruin for myself; I could not, for you."

"Oh, James," she fondly said, "should I have been less brave? While you and Florence were spared to me, ruin might have done its worst."

Mr. Hunter turned his face away: strangely wrung and haggard it looked just then.

"What a mercy that it is over!"

"All but, I said," he interrupted.

And the words seemed to burst from him in an uncontrollable impulse, in spite of himself.

"It is the only thing that has marred our life's peace, James. In that blessed life to come, there will be nothing to mar it. We shall be at rest forever. Perfect peace! perfect happiness! May all we have loved be there! I can see—"

The words had been spoken disjointedly, in the faintest whisper, and, with the last, died away. She laid her head upon her husband's arm, and seemed as if she would sleep. He did not disturb her: he remained buried in his own thoughts.

A short while, and Florence was heard at the door. Doctor Bevary was there.

"You can come in," called out Mr. Hunter.

They approached the bed. Florence saw a change in her mother's face, and uttered an exclamation of alarm. The physician's practised eye detected what had happened: he made a sign to the nurse, who had followed him in, and the woman went forth to carry the news to the household. Mr. Hunter alone was calm.

"Thank God!" was his strange ejaculation.

"Oh, papa! papa! it is death!" sobbed Florence, in her distress. "Do you not see that it is death?"

"Thank God, also, Florence!" solemnly said Doctor Bevary. "She is better off."

Florence sobbed wildly. The words sounded to her ears needlessly cruel—out of place. Mr. Hunter bent his face on that of the dead, with a long, fervent kiss.

"My wronged wife!" he mentally uttered.

Doctor Bevary followed him as he left the room.

"James Hunter, it had been a mercy if God had taken her years ago."

Mr. Hunter lifted his hands as if beating off the words, and his face turned white.

"Be still! be still! what can you know?"

"I know as much as you," said Doctor Bevary, in a tone which, low though it was, seemed to penetrate to the very marrow of the unhappy man. "The knowledge has disturbed my peace by day, and my rest by night. What, then, must it have done by yours?"

James Hunter, his hands held up still, to shade his face, and his head down, slunk away.

"It was the fault of another," he wailed, "and I have borne the punishment."

"Ay," said Doctor Bevary, "or you would have had my reproaches long ago. Hark!—whose voice is that?"

It was one known only too well to Mr. Hunter. He cowered for a moment, as he had hitherto had terrible cause: the next, he raised his head and shook off the fear.

"Thank God!" he repeated, as he had done in the death room, "I can dare him now."

The servants had been closing up the windows of the house, as is our custom when mourning for the dead, when Gwinn of Ketterford arrived at it. He saw what was being done, and drew his own conclusions; nevertheless, he desisted not from the visit he had come to pay.

"I wish to see Mr. Hunter," he said, when the door was opened.

"I do not think you can see him now, sir," was the reply of the servant. "My master is in great affliction."

"Your mistress is dead, I suppose?"

"Just dead."

"Well, I shall not detain Mr. Hunter many minutes. I must see him."

The servant hesitated. But his master's voice was heard calling to him.

"You can admit that person, Richard."

The man retreated into the hall, and opened the door of the front room. It was in darkness; so he turned and opened the door of the other, and showed the guest in. The soft perfume from the odoriferous plants in the conservatory were wafted to the senses of Gwinn of Ketterford, as he entered.

"Why do you seek me here?" demanded Mr. Hunter when he appeared. "Is it a fitting time and place?"

"A court of law might perhaps be more fit," insolently returned the lawyer. "Why did not you remit the money, according to promise, and so obviate the necessity of my coming?"

"Because I shall remit no more money. Not another farthing, or the value of one, shall you ever obtain of me. If I have submitted to your ruinous and swindling demands, you know why I have done it—"

"Stop!" interrupted Mr. Gwinn. "You have had your money's worth—silence."

Mr. Hunter was deeply agitated.

"As the breath went out of my wife's body, I thanked God that He had taken her—that she was removed from the wicked machinations of you and yours. But for the bitter wrong dealt out to me by your wicked sister Agatha, I should have mourned for her with regrets and tears. You have made my life into a curse: I purchased your silence that you should not render hers one. The fear and the thraldom are alike over."

Mr. Gwinn laughed significantly.

"Your daughter lives."

"She does. In saying that I will make her cognizant of this, rather than supply you with another sixpence, you may judge how firm is my determination."

"It will be startling news for her."

"It will: should it come to the telling.—Better that she hear it, and make the best and the worst of it, than I should reduce her to utter poverty—and your demands, supplied, would do that. The news will not kill her—as it might have killed her mother."

Did Lawyer Gwinn feel baffled?

"I will have money," he exclaimed.—"You have tried to stand out against it before now."

"Man! do you know that I am on the brink of ruin?" uttered Mr. Hunter, in deep excitement, "and that it is you who have brought me to it? But for the money supplied to you, I could have weathered successfully this contest with my workmen, as my brother and others are weathering it. If you have any further claim against me," he added, in a spirit of mocking bitterness, "bring it into my bankruptcy, for that is looming near."

"I will not stir from your house without a cheque for the money."

"This house is sanctified by the presence of the dead," reverently spoke Mr. Hunter. "To have any disturbance in it would be most unseemly. Do not force me to call in a policeman."

"As a policeman was once called in to you, in the years gone by," Lawyer Gwinn was beginning with a sneer: but Mr. Hunter raised his voice and his hand.

"Be still! Coward as I have been, in one sense, in yielding to your terms, I have never been coward enough to permit *you* to allude, in my presence, to the past. I never will. Go from my house quietly, sir; and do not attempt to re-enter it."

Mr. Hunter broke from the man—for he made an effort to detain him—opened the door, and called to the servant, who came forward.

"Show this person to the door, Richard."

An instant's hesitation with himself, whether it should be compliance or resistance, and Gwinn of Ketterford went forth. "Richard," said Mr. Hunter, as the servant closed the hall door.

"Sir?"

"Should that man ever come here again, do not admit him. And if he shows himself troublesome, call a policeman to your aid."

And then Mr Hunter shut himself in the room, and burst into heavy tears, such as are rarely shed by man.

The chief injury to John Baxendale had lain in the ribs. Two or three of them were broken: the head also had been much bruised and cut. He had been taken into his own home and there attended to: it was nearer than the hospital: though the latter would have been the better place. No clue could be obtained to his assailants.

Never would John Baxendale talk of the harshness of masters again—though, indeed, he never had much talked of it. The moment Mr. Hunter heard of the assault, he sent round his own surgeon, and also directed Austin to give Baxendale a sovereign weekly. And that was the same man whom you heard forbidding his wife and daughter to forward aid to Darby's starving children. Yes; but Mr. Hunter denied the aid upon principle: Darby would not work. It pleased him far more to accord it to Baxendale than to deny it to Darby: the one course gladdened his heart, the other pained it. The surgeon who attended was a particular friend of Dr. Bevary's, and the Doctor, in his quaint, easy manner, contrived to let Baxendale know that there would be no bill for him to pay.

It was late when Austin reached Baxendale's room that evening.

"Oh, sir," uttered the invalid, straining his eyes on him from the sick-bed, before Austin had well entered, "is the news true?"

"It is," sadly replid Austin. "She died this afternoon."

"It's a good lady gone from among us. Does the master take on much?"

"I have not seen him since. Death came on rather suddenly at the last."

"Poor Mrs. Hunter!" wailed Baxendale. "Hers is not the only spirit that is this evening on the wing," he added, after a pause. "That boy of Darby's is going. Mary—" looking on the bright sovereign put into his hands by Austin—"suppose you go down there and take 'em a couple of shillings? It's hard to have a cupboard quite empty when death's a visitor."

Mary hastened to obey. Austin wondered how Mr. Hunter would approve of any of his shillings finding their way to Darby's; but he said nothing against it. But for the strongly expressed sentiments of Mr. Hunter, Austin would have given away right and left to relieve the distress around him: although, put him upon principle, and he agreed fully with Mr. Hunter.

Mary changed the sovereign, and took possession of a couple of shillings. It was a bitterly cold evening; but she was well wrapped up. Though not permanently better, Mary was stronger of late: in her simple faith, she believed God had mercifully spared her for a short while, that she might nurse her father. She knew, just as well as did Dr. Bevary, that it would not be for long. As she went along she met Mrs. Quale.

"The child is gone," said the latter, hearing where Mary was going.

"Poor child! Is he really dead?"

Mrs. Quale nodded. Few things upset her equanimity.

"And I am keeping my eyes open to look out for Darby," she added. "His wife asked me if I would. She is afraid—" dropping her voice—"that he may do something rash."

"Why?" breathed Mary, in a tone of horror, understanding the allusion.

"Why!" vehemently repeated Mrs. Quale; "why, because he reflects upon himself—that's why. When he saw that the breath was really gone out of the poor little body—and that's not five minutes ago—he broke out like one mad. Them quiet natures in ordinary be always the worst if they get upset; though it takes a good deal to do it.—He cursed himself, saying that if he had been in work, and able to get proper food for the boy, it would not have happened; and he cursed the Trades' Unions for misleading him, and bringing him to what he is. There's many another cursing the Unions on this inclement night, or my name ain't Nancy Quale."

She turned with Mary, and they entered the home of the Darbys. Grace, unable to get another situation, through the baker's wife refusing her a character, looked worn and thin, as she stood trying to hush the youngest child, which was crying fretfully. Mrs. Darby sat in front of the small bit of fire, the dead boy on her knees, pressed to her still, just as Mrs. Quale had left her.

"He won't hunger any more," she said, lifting her face to Mary, the hot tears running from it.

Mary stooped and kissed the little cold face. "Don't grieve," she murmured. "It would be well for us all if we were as happy as he."

"Go and speak to him," whispered the mother to Mrs. Quale, pointing to a back door. "He has come in, and is gone out there."

Leaning against the wall, in the cold moonlight stood Robert Darby. Mrs. Quale was not very good at consolation: finding fault was more in her line. "Come, Darby, don't take on so: it won't do no good. Be a man."

He seized hold of her, his shaking hands trembling. "How is it that God *allows* these Trades' Unions—allows them to thrive and brew mischief, and persuade us into ill—ill that brings death?"

"Don't be a fool, Robert Darby," was the indignant rejoinder of Mrs. Quale. "Haven't you been taught in your catechism not to take that name in vain? You may as well say, why are bad men let live, and why does wickedness prosper? You are not obliged to join the Trades' Unions. If you and others kept aloof from them, they'd soon die away."

"They have proved a curse to me and mine"—and the man's voice rose to a shriek, in his violent emotion. "But for them, I should have been at work long ago."

"Then I'd go to work at once, if it was me, and put the curse from me that way," concluded Mrs. Quale. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ THE HUMAN FOOT.—The foot has, since the Roman sandal, been almost always badly used. The true shape is not understood even now. Our toes are crushed and pointed, the great toe being forced into the middle of the boot. The true shape of the shoe should be like that of a baby's foot of two years old, or like that of Henry VIII., with square toes, at which shape our fashionable shoemakers would stare.

LADIES' BONNETS.

A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion. A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue. A light bonnet is especially suitable to light haired types; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair and rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose. A rose-colored bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-color may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves has a good effect. A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the ensemble of the type with black hair as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange and yellow. A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as those which have been made concerning its use in connection with the blonde type, except that for the brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than blue. Bonnets of red, rose, cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates, as much as possible, the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers, with abundance of leaves, have a good effect with rose. A yellow bonnet suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interpose between the complexion and head-dress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange color more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. A green bonnet is suitable to fair and light rosy complexions; rose, red, or white flowers are preferable to all others. A blue bonnet is only suitable to a fair or bright red complexion; nor can it be allied to such as have a tint of orange-brown. When it suits a brunette it may take with advantage yellow or orange trimmings. A violet bonnet is always unsuitable to every complexion, since there are none which yellow will suit. Yet, if we interpose between the violet and the skin, not only the hair but also yellow accessories, a bonnet of this color may become favorable. As an important memorandum it must be added, that whenever the color of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from the head-dress by means of hair, it is advantageous to place between the hair and the bonnet certain accessories.

LIGHT READING.

There is a call for "light reading," and I for one applaud the demand. A lightening influence is the best that books or men can bestow upon us. Information is good, but invigoration is a thousand times better.—Cheer, cheer the vigor of the world's heart! It is because man's hope is so low, and his imagination so poor, that he is earthly and evil. Wings for these unfledged hearts!—Transformation for these grubs! Give us animation, inspiration, joy, faith! Give us enlivening, lightsome airs, to which our souls shall, on a sudden, begin to dance, keeping step with the angels! What else is worth having? Each one of these sordid sons of men—is he not a new born Apollo, who waits only for the ambrosia from Olympus, to spring forth in divineness of beauty and strength? Nevertheless, I know not of any reading so hopelessly heavy as large portions of that which claims the name of light.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon elevenpence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your heads with your own business, and let your neighbors' alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and do unto other people as we wish them to do to us. They must not only plod, but persevere. Pence must be taken care of because they are seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorway clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.

GOOD COOKING NOT INCONSISTENT WITH PIETY.—I've nothin' to say agin' her piety, my dear, but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety wont feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Truman's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes were as watery as water. It's right enough to be speretual—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die the sooner, as mayhap Mr. Truman will, poor dear man! —*Adam Bede.*

VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between words and thoughts as there is between thoughts and actions. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control your tongue, that no improper words are to be pronounced by it, you will soon be able also to control the mind, and save that from corruption.

☞ The cedars of Lebanon are probably the oldest trees in the world, except the *elder* trees.

MY SPIDER.

BY FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

Spinning, spinning, ever spinning,
Spins a little spider,
And I watch her weave her web
Sitting close beside her.
And she weaves with subtle art
Over, in and under,
Till the complicated mesh
Seems a perfect wonder.

The web she spins is never meant
To catch the poor bluebottle,
Nor the golden-armored wasp
To hamper and to throttle.
For the threads my spider weaves,
Are curiously ethereal—
Little sighs and pouting looks,
And such like odd material.

Ah! the web is meant for me,
Poor, unhappy poet;
There's no use in struggling now,
I'm done for and I know it.
Sunny curls and moonlight walks,
And passages from Byron,
Have bound me down in chains as strong
As triple-hammered iron.

Cease your spinning—your poor game
Owns that you have tricked him;
Cease your spinning, wily one,
I'm a willing victim.
Crown your sacrifice with flowers,
I'll neither lag nor falter—
Put a ribbon round my neck
And lead me to the altar.

—*N. Y. Courier.*

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

A FALSE ALARM.

They reached home unmolested. Arthur went straight to Mr. Channing, who was lying as usual on his sofa, and bent over him with a smile, sweet and hopeful as that of Hamish.

"Father, may I gain fifty pounds a-year, if I can, without detriment to my place at Mr. Galloway's?"

"What do you say, my boy?"

"Would you have any objection to my taking the organ at college on week-days? Mr. Williams has offered it to me."

Mr. Channing turned his head and looked at him. He did not comprehend.

"You could not take it, Arthur; you could not be absent from the office. And young Jupp takes the organ. What is that you are talking of?"

Arthur explained in his quiet manner, a glad light shining out of his eyes. Jupp had left the college for good, and Mr. Williams had offered the place to him, and Mr. Galloway had authorized him to accept it. He should only have to go to the office for two hours before breakfast in a morning, to make up for the two, lost in the day.

"My brave boy!" exclaimed Mr. Channing, making prisoner of his hand. "I said this untoward loss of the suit might turn out to be a blessing in disguise. And so it will; it is bringing forth the sterling love of my children. You are doing this for me, Arthur!"

"Doing it a great deal for myself, papa. You do not know the gratification it will be to me, those two hours' play daily!"

"I understand, my dear—understand it all!"

"Especially as—" Arthur came to a sudden stop.

"Especially as, what?" asked Mr. Channing.

"As I had thought of giving up taking lessons," Arthur hastily added, not going deeper into explanations. "I play quite well enough, now, to cease learning. Mr. Williams said one day, that, with practice, I might soon equal him."

"I wonder what those parents do, Arthur, who own ungrateful or rebellious children!" Mr. Channing exclaimed, after a pause of thought. "The world is full of trouble; and it is of many kinds, and takes various phases; but if we can but be happy in our children, all other trouble may pass lightly over us as a summer cloud. I thank God that my children have never brought home to me an hour's care. How merciful He has been to me!"

Arthur's thoughts reverted to Hamish and his trouble. He felt thankful, then, that it was hid from Mr. Channing.

"I have already accepted the place, papa. I knew I might count upon your consent!"

"Upon my warm approbation. My son, do your best at your task; and," Mr. Channing added, sinking his voice to a whisper, "when the choristers peal out their hymn of praise to God, during those sacred services, let *your* heart ascend with it in fervent praise and thanksgiving. Too many go through these services in a matter-of-fact spirit, their heart being far away. Do not you."

Hamish at this moment came in, carrying the books.

"Are you ready, sir? There not much to do, this evening."

"Ready at any time, Hamish."

Hamish laid the books before him, on the table, and sat down. Arthur quitted the room. Mr. Channing liked to be alone with Hamish, when the accounts were being gone over.

Mrs. Channing was in the drawing-room, some of the children with her. Arthur entered.

"Mrs. Channing," cried he, with mock ceremony, "allow me to introduce you to the assistant organist of the cathedral."

She smiled, supposing it was some joke.

"Very well, sir. He can come in!"

"He is in, ma'am. It is myself."

"Is young Mr. Jupp there?" she asked; for he sometimes came home with Arthur.

"Young Mr. Jupp has disappeared from public life, and I am appointed to his place. It is true!"

"Arthur!" she remonstrated.

"Mamma, indeed it is true. Mr. Williams has given me the place, and Mr. Galloway has consented to allow me the time to attend the week-day services; and papa is glad of it; and I hope you will be."

"*I* have known of it since this morning," spoke Tom, with an assumption of easy consequence; while Mrs. Channing was gathering her senses, which had been nearly scared away. "Arthur, I hope Williams intends to pay you?"

"Fifty pounds a-year. And the copying, besides."

"*Is* it true, Arthur?" breathlessly exclaimed Mrs. Channing.

"I have told you that it is, mother, mine. Jupp has resigned, and I am assistant organist."

Annabel danced round him in an ecstacy of delight. Not at his success—success or failure did not much trouble Annabel—but she thought there might be a prospect of some fun in store for herself. "Arthur, you'll let me come into the cathedral and blow for you?"

"You little stupid!" cried Tom. "Much good you could do at blowing! A girl blowing the bellows of the college organ! That's rich! Better let Williams catch you there! She'd actually go, I believe!"

"It is not your business, Tom; it is Arthur's," retorted Annabel, with flushed cheeks. "Mamma, can't you teach Tom to interfere with himself, and not with me?"

"I would rather teach Annabel to be a young lady and not a tomboy," said Mrs. Channing. "You may as well wish to be allowed to ring the college bells, as blow the bellows, child."

"I should like that," said Annabel. "Oh, what fun if the cord went up with me!"

Mrs. Channing turned a reproving glance on her, and resumed her conversation with Arthur—

"Why did you not tell me before, my boy? It was too good news to keep to yourself. How long has it been in contemplation?"

"Dear mamma, only to-day. It was but this morning that Jupp resigned."

"Only to-day! It must have been decided very hastily, then, for a measure of that sort."

"Mr. Williams was so put to it that he took care to lose no time. He spoke to me at one o'clock. I had gone to him in the cathedral, asking for the copying, which I heard was going begging, and he broached the other subject, on the spur of the moment, as it seemed to me. Nothing could be decided until I had spoken to Mr. Galloway, and that I did after he left here, this afternoon. He will allow me to be absent from the office an hour, morning and afternoon, on condition that I attend for two hours before breakfast."

"But, Arthur, you will have a great deal upon your hands!"

"Not any too much. It will keep me out of mischief!"

"When shall you find time to do the copying?"

"In an evening, I suppose. I will find plenty of time, mother."

As Hamish had observed, there was little to do at the Books, that evening, and he soon left the parlor. Constance happened to be in the hall as he crossed it, on his way to his bed-room. Judith, who appeared to have been on the watch, came gliding from the half-opened kitchen door, and approached Constance, looking after Hamish as he ascended the stairs."

"Do you see, Miss Constance?" she whispered. "He is a-carrying the books up with him, as usual!"

At this juncture, Hamish turned round to speak to his sister.

"Constance, I don't want any supper, to-night, tell my mother. You can call me when it is time for the reading."

"And he is going to set on at 'em, now, and he'll be at 'em till morning light!" continued Judith's whisper. "And he'll drop off into his grave with decline!—'tain't in the nature of a young man to do without sleep—and that'll be the ending, and he'll burn himself up first, and all the house with him."

"I think I will go and speak to him," debated Constance.

"*I* should," advised Judith. "The worst, is, if the books must be done, why, they must; and I don't see that there's any help for it!"

But Constance hesitated, considerably. She did not at all like to interfere; it appeared so very much to resemble the work of a spy. Several minutes she deliberated, and then went slowly up the stairs. Knocking at Hamish's door, she turned the handle, and would have entered. It was locked.

"Who's there?" called out Hamish.

"Can I come in for a minute, Hamish? I wan't to say a word to you."

He did not undo the door immediately. There appeared to be an opening and shutting of his desk table first—a scuffle as if things were being put away. Then Constance entered, she saw one of the insurance books open on the table, the pen and ink near it; the others were not to be seen. His keys were hanging from the table lock. A conviction flashed over the mind of Constance that Judith was right in supposing the office accounts to be the object that kept him up.

"What can he do with his time in the day?" she thought.

"What is it, Constance?"

"Can you let me speak to you, Hamish?"

"If you won't be long. I was just beginning to be busy," he replied, taking out the keys and putting them in his pocket.

"I see you were," she said, glancing at the ledger. "Hamish, you must not be offended at me, or think I interfere unwarrantably. I would not do it, but that I am anxious for you. Why is it that you sit up so late at night?"

There was a sudden accession of color in his face—Constance saw it; but there was a smile as well.

"How do you know I do sit up? Has Judy been telling tales?"

"Judy is uneasy about it, and she spoke to me this evening. She has visions of the house being burnt up with everybody in it, and of your injuring your health fatally. I believe she would deem the latter calamity almost more grievous than the former, for you know you were always her favorite. Hamish! is there no danger of either?"

"There is not. I am too cautious for the one to happen, and, I believe, too hardy for the other. Judy is a simpleton," he laughed; "she has got her safety water-butt, and what more can she desire?"

"Hamish, why do you sit up? Have you not time for your work in the day?"

"No. Or else I should do it in the day. I do not sit up so as to hurt me. I get, on an average, three hours' night-work, five days in the week; and if that can damage a strong fellow like me, call me a puny changeling."

"You sit up much longer than that?"

"Not frequently. These light days, I sometimes do not sit up half so long; I get up in the morning, instead. Constance, you look grave enough for a judge!"

"And you, laughing enough to provoke me. Suppose I tell papa of this habit of yours, and get him to forbid it?"

"Then, my dear, you would work irreparable mischief," he replied, becoming grave in his turn. "Were I to be prevented doing as I please in my chamber, in this house, I must get a room elsewhere, in which I should be my own master."

"Hamish!"

"You oblige me to say it, Constance. You and Judy must lay your heads together upon some other grievance, for indeed, for this particular one, there is no remedy. She is an old goose, and you are a young one."

"Is it right that we should submit to the risk of being set fire to?"

"My dear, if that is the point, I'll have a fire-escape reared over the front-door every night, and pay a couple of watchmen to act as guardians. Constance!" again leaving his tone of mockery, "you know that you may trust me better than that."

"But, Hamish, how do you spend your time in the day, that you cannot complete your books then?"

"Oh," drawled Hamish, "ours is the laziest office! gossipping and scandal going on in it from morning till night; and, in the fatigue induced by that, I am not sure but I take a nap, sometimes."

Constance could not tell what to make of him. He was gazing at her with the most perplexing expression of face, looking ready to burst into a laugh.

"One last word, Hamish, for I hear Judith calling to you. Are you obliged to do this night-work?"

"I am."

"Then I will say no more; and things must go on as it seems they have hitherto done."

Arthur came running upstairs, and Hamish met him at the chamber door. Arthur, who appeared strangely agitated, began speaking in a half-whisper, unconscious that his sister was within. She heard every word.

"Judy says some young man wants you, Hamish! I fear it may be the fellow to serve the writ. What on earth is to be done?"

"Did Judy say I was at home?"

"Yes; and has handed him into the study, to wait. Did you not hear her calling to you?"

"I can't"—"see him," Hamish was about to say. "Yes, I will see him," he added, after a moment's reflection. "Anything rather than have a disturbance which might come to my mother's ears; and I suppose if he could not serve it now, he would watch for me in the morning."

"Shall I go down first, and hear what he has to say?"

"Arthur, boy, it would do no good. I have brought this upon myself and must battle with it. A Channing cannot turn coward!"

"But he may act with discretion," said Arthur. "I will speak to the man, and if there's no help for it, I'll call you."

Down flew Arthur, four stairs at a time. Hamish remained with his body inside his chamber door, and his head out. I conclude he was listening; and, in the confusion, he had probably totally forgotten Constance. Arthur came bounding up the stairs again, his eyes sparkling.

"A false alarm, Hamish! It's only Martin Pope!"

"Martin Pope!" echoed Hamish, considerably relieved, for Martin Pope was an acquaintance of his, and sub-editor of one of the Helstonleigh newspapers. "Why could not Judy have opened her mouth?"

He ran down the stairs, the color, which had left his face, returning to it. But it did not return to that of Constance; hers had changed to an ashy whiteness. Arthur saw her standing there; saw that she must have heard and comprehended all.

"Oh, Arthur, has it come to this? Is Hamish in *that* depth of debt?"

"Hush! Whatever brought you here, Constance?"

"What writ is it that he fears? Is there indeed one out against him?"

"I don't know much about it. There may be one!"

She wrung her hands.

"The next thing to a writ is a prison, is it not? If he should be taken, what would become of the office—of papa's place?"

"Do not agitate yourself," he implored. "It can do no good."

"Nothing can do good; nothing, nothing. Oh! what trouble!"

"Constance, in the greatest trouble there is always one Refuge."

"Yes," she answered, bursting into tears. "When all else fails, we can fly there and tell out our sorrow, and hide it with Him. Oh, Arthur! what, but for that shelter, would become of us in our bitter hours of trial?"

"SELMAN," THE RESIDENCE OF THE REBEL EX-SENATOR MASON, NEAR WINCHESTER, VA. FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CLOISTER KEYS.

It was the twenty-second day of the month, and nearly a week subsequent to the date of the last chapter. Arthur Channing sat in his place at the Cathedral organ, playing the psalm for the morning; for the hour was that of divine service. Mr. Channing had scarce need to enjoin him to lift up his heart with praise and thanksgiving in that sacred place, to those holy words: Arthur Channing's spirit was ever ready to bow in reverence, in prayer, to ascend in praise.

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; and His mercy endureth forever."

The boy's whole heart went up with the words. *He* gave thanks: mercies had come upon him—upon his; and that great dread—which was turning his days to gall, his nights to sleeplessness—the arrest of Hamish had not as yet been attempted. He felt it all as he sat there; and, in a softer voice, he echoed the melodious song of the choristers below, verse after verse, as each verse rose sweetly on the air, filling the aisles of the old Cathedral: how that God delivers those who cry unto Him—those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; those whose hearts fail through heaviness, who fall down, and there is none to help them—He brings them out of the darkness, and breaks their bonds in sunder. They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, who see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep; whose hearts cower at the stormy rising of the waves, and in their agony of distress they cry unto Him to help them: and He hears the cry, and delivers them. He stills the angry waves, and makes the storm a calm, and brings them into the haven where they would be; and then they are glad, because they are at rest.

"Oh, that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness: and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!

"And again, when they are minished, and brought low: through oppression, through any plague, or trouble; though He suffer them to be evil intreated through tyrants: and let them wander out of the way in the wilderness; yet helpeth He the poor out of misery, and maketh him households like a flock of sheep.

"Whoso is wise will ponder these things; and they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."

The refrain died away, the gentle sound of the echo died after it, and silence fell upon the Cathedral. It was broken by the voice of the Reverend William Yorke, giving out the first lesson—a chapter in Jeremiah.

At the final conclusion of the service Arthur Channing quitted the college. In the cloisters he was overtaken by the choristers, who were hastening back to the school-room. At the same moment Ketch, the porter, passed, coming towards them from the south entrance of the cloisters. He touched his hat in his usual ungracious fashion to the dean and Dr. Gardner, who were turning into the chapter house, carrying their trenchers, and looked the other way as he passed the boys.

Arthur caught hold of Hurst.

"Have you 'served out' old Ketch, as you threatened?" he laughingly asked.

"Hush!" whispered Hurst. "It has not come off yet. We had an idea that an inkling of it had got abroad, so we thought it best to keep quiet for a few nights, lest the Philistines should be on the watch; but the time is fixed now, and I can tell you that it is not a hundred nights off."

With a shower of mysterious nods and winks, Hurst rushed away, and bounded up the stairs to the school-room. Arthur returned to Mr. Galloway's.

"It's the awfulest shame!" burst forth Tom Channing that day at dinner (and allow me to remark, *en parenthese*, that, in reading about school-boys, you must be content to accept their notions of grammar); and he brought the handle of his knife down upon the table in a passion.

"Thomas!" uttered Mr. Channing, in amazed reproof.

"Well, papa, and so it is! and the school's going pretty near mad over it!" returned Tom, turning his crimsoned face upon his father. "Would you believe that I and Huntley are to be passed over in the chance for the seniorship, and Yorke is to have it, without reference to merit?"

"No, I do not believe it, Tom," quietly replied Mr. Channing. "But, even were it true, it is no reason why you should burst out in that unseemly manner. Did you ever know a hot temper do good to its possessor?"

"I know I am hot-tempered," confessed Tom. "I cannot help it, papa; it was born with me."

"Many of our failings were born with us, my boy, as I have always understood; but still, they are to be subdued, and not indulged."

"Papa, you must acknowledge that it is a shame if Pye has promised the seniorship to Yorke, over my head and Huntley's," reiterated Tom, who was apt to speak as strongly as he thought. "If he gets the seniorship, the exhibition will follow, that is an understood thing. Would it be just?"

"Why are you saying this? What have you heard?"

"Well, it is a roundabout tale," answered Tom; "but the rumor in the school is this—and if it turns out to be true, Gerald Yorke will about get eaten up alive."

"Is that the rumor, Tom?" said Mrs. Channing.

Tom laughed, in spite of his anger.

"I had not come to the rumor, mamma.—Lady Augusta and Dr. Burrows are great friends, you know; and we hear that they have been salving over Pye—"

"Gently, Tom!" put in Mr. Channing.

"Talking over Pye, then," corrected Tom, all impatience to proceed with his story; "and Pye has promised to promote Gerald Yorke to the seniorship. He—"

"Doctor Burrows is gone away again," interrupted Annabel. "I saw him go by to-day in his travelling carriage. Judy says he is gone to his rectory; some of the deanery servants told her so."

"You'll get something, Annabel, if you interrupt in that fashion," cried Tom. "Last Monday Doctor Burrows gave a dinner party. Pye was there, and Lady Augusta was there; and it was then they got Pye to promise it to Yorke."

"How is it known that they did?" asked Mr. Channing.

"The boys all say it, papa. It was circulating through the school this morning like wildfire."

"You will never take the prize for logic, Tom. *How* did the boys hear it, I ask?"

"Through Mr. Calcraft," replied Tom.

"Tom!"

"Mr. Ketch, then," said Tom, correcting himself as he had done previously. "Both names are a mile too good for him. Ketch came into contact with some of the boys this morning before ten o'clock school, and, of course, they went into a wordy war—which is nothing new. Huntley was the only senior present, and Ketch was insolent to him. One of the boys told Ketch that he would not dare to be so next year, if Huntley should be senior boy. Ketch sneered at that, and said Huntley never would be senior, nor Channing either, for it was already given to Yorke. The boys took his words up, ridiculing the notion of *his* knowing anything of the matter, and they did not spare their taunts. That roused his temper, and the old fellow let out all he knew. He said Lady Augusta Yorke was at Galloway's office yesterday, boasting about it before Jenkins."

"A roundabout tale, indeed!" remarked Mr. Channing; "and told in a somewhat roundabout fashion, Tom. I should not put faith in it. Did you hear anything of this, Arthur?"

"No, sir. I know that Lady Augusta called at the office yesterday afternoon while I was at college. I don't know anything more."

"Huntley intends to drop across Jenkins this afternoon, and question him," resumed Tom Channing. "There can't be any doubt that it was he who gave the information to Ketch. If Huntley finds that Lady Augusta did assert it, the school will take the affair up."

The boast amused Hamish.

"In what manner will the school be pleased to 'take it up?'" questioned he. "Recommend the dean to hold Mr. Pye under surveillance? or send Lady Augusta a challenge?"

Tom Channing nodded his head mysteriously.

"There is many a true word spoken in jest, Hamish. I don't know yet what we should do; we should do something. The school won't stand it tamely. The day for that one-sided sort of oppression has gone out with our grandmothers' fashions."

"It would be very wrong of the school to stand it," said Charley, throwing in his word. "If the honors are to go by sneaking favor, and not by merit, where is the use of any of us putting out our metal? As well go in for idleness."

"You be quiet, Miss Chaffey! you juniors have nothing to do with it," were all the thanks the boy got from Tom.

Now, the facts were really very much as Tom Channing asserted; though whether, or how far, Mr. Pye had promised, and whether Lady Augusta's boast had been a vain one, was a matter of speculation. Neither could it be surmised the part, if any, played in it by Prebendary Burrows. It was certain that Lady Augusta had, on the previous day, boasted to Mr. Galloway, in his office, that her son was to have the seniorship: that Mr. Pye had promised it to her and Doctor Burrows, at the dinner party. She spoke of it without the least reserve, in a tone of much self-gratulation, and she laughingly told Jenkins, who was at his desk writing, that he might wish Gerald joy when he next saw him. Jenkins took it all in for truth; it may be questioned if Mr. Mr. Galloway did, for he knew that Lady Augusta did not always weigh her words before speaking.

In the evening—this same evening, mind, after the call at the office of Lady Augusta—Mr. Jenkins proceeded towards home when he left his work. He took the road through the cloisters. As he was passing the porter's lodge, who should he see in it but his father, old Jenkins, the bedesman, holding a gossip with Ketch; and they saw him.

"If that ain't our Joe a going past," exclaimed the bedesman.

Joe stepped in. He was proceeding to join in the converse, when a lot of the college boys tore along, hooting and shouting, and kicking a ball about. It was kicked into the lodge, and a few compliments were thrown at the boys by the porter, before they could get the ball out again. These compliments, you may be quite sure, the boys did not fail to return with interest: Tom Channing, in particular, being charmingly polite.

"And the saucy young beast'll be the senior boy soon!" foamed Mr. Ketch, as the lot decamped. "I wish I could get him gagged, I do!"

"No, he will not," said Joe Jenkins, speaking impulsively in his superior knowledge; "Yorke is to be senior."

"How do you know that, Joe?" asked his father.

Joe replied by relating what he had heard said by Lady Augusta that afternoon. It did not conciliate the porter in the remotest degree: he was no more favorable to Gerald Yorke than he was to Tom Channing. Had he heard the school never was to have a senior again, or a junior either, that might have pleased him.

But, on the following morning, when he fell into dispute with the boys in the cloisters, he spoke out his information in a spirit of triumph over Huntley. Bit by bit, angered by the boys' taunts, he repeated every word he had heard from Jenkins. The news, as it was busily circulated from one to the other, caused no slight hubbub in the school, and gave rise to that explosion of Tom Channing's at the dinner table.

Huntley sought Jenkins, as he had said he would do, and received the confirmation of the report, so far as the man's knowledge went. But Jenkins was terribly vexed at the report having got abroad, through him. He determined to pay a visit to Mr. Ketch, and reproach him with his incaution.

Mr. Ketch sat in his lodge, taking his supper—bread and cheese, and a pint of ale procured at the nearest public house. Except in the light months of summer, it was his habit to close the cloister gates before supper time; but, as Mr. Ketch liked to take that meal early (eight o'clock), and as dusk, for at least four months in the year, obstinately persisted in putting itself off to a later hour, in spite of his growling, and as he might not shut up before dusk, he had no resource but to eat first and lock up afterwards. The "lodge" was a quaint abode, of one room only, built in an obscure nook of the cathedral, near the grand entrance. He was pursuing his meal after his own peculiar custom, eating, drinking, and grumbling.

"It's worse nor leather, this cheese! Selling it to a body for double-Gloucester! I'd like to double them as made it. Eightpence a pound!—and short weight besides! I wonder there ain't a law passed to keep the cost of provisions down!"

A pause, given chiefly to grunting, and Mr. Ketch resumed:—

"This bread's rougher nor a bear's hide! Go and ask for new, and they palms you off with stale. They'll put a loaf a week old into the oven to hot it up again, and then sell it you for new! There ought to be a criminal code made for hanging bakers. They be all cheats. They mixes up alum, and bone-dust, and plaster of Paris, and—Drat that door! Who's a kicking at it now?"

Nobody was kicking. Somebody was civilly knocking. The door was pushed slightly open, and the inoffensive face of Mr. Joseph Jenkins appeared in the aperture.

"I say, Mr. Ketch," began he, in a mild tone of deprecation, "whatever is it that you have gone and done?"

"What d'ye mean?" growled old Ketch. "Is this a way to come and set upon a gentleman in his own house? Who taught you manners, Joe Jenkins?"

"You have been repeating what I mentioned last night, about Lady Augusta's son getting the seniorship," said Jenkins, coming in and closing the door.

"You did say it," retorted Mr. Ketch.

"I know I did; but I did not suppose you were going to repeat it again."

"If it was a secret, why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Ketch, bestowing a few more hard words upon his cheese.

"It was not exactly a secret, or Lady Augusta would not have mentioned it before me," remonstrated Joe. "But it is not the proper thing for me to come but of Mr. Galloway's office, and talk of anything I may have heard said in it by his friends, and then for it to get round to his ears again! Put it to yourself, Mr. Ketch, and say whether you would like it."

"What *did* you talk of it for, then?" snarled Ketch, preparing to take a copious draught of ale.

"Because I thought you and father were safe. You might both have known better than to speak of it out of doors. There is sure to be a commotion over it."

"Miserable beer! they have took and brewed it out of ditchwater!"

"Young Mr. Huntley came to me to-day, to know the rights and the wrongs of it—as he said," continued Joseph. "He spoke to Mr. Galloway about it afterwards—though I must say he was kind enough not to bring in my name; only said, in a general way, that he had 'heard' it. He is an honorable young gentleman, is that Huntley. He vows the report shall be conveyed to the dean."

"Serve 'em right!" snapped the porter. "If the dean does his duty, he'll order a general flogging for the school, all round; it'll do 'em good."

"Galloway did not say much—except that he knew what he should do, were he Huntley's or Channing's father; which I took to mean that, in his opinion, there ought to be an inquiry instituted."

"And you know there ought," said Mr. Ketch.

"*I* know! I'm sure I don't know," was the mild answer. "It is not my place to reflect upon my superiors, Mr. Ketch—to say they should do this, or they should do that. I like to reverence them, and to keep a civil tongue in my head."

"Which is what you don't do. If I knowed who brewed this beer I'd enter a action again him, for putting in no malt. It's swipes; it ain't good wholesome beer."

"I would not have had this get about for any money!" resumed Jenkins. "Neither you nor father shall ever catch me opening my lips again."

"Keep 'em shut, then!" growled old Ketch. "I wish them as made this bread had the eating of it! the world's full of nothing but thieves and pickpockets!"

Mr. Ketch leisurely finished his supper, and the two continued talking until dusk came on—nearly dark; for the porter, churl though he was, liked a visitor as well as anybody—possibly as a vent for his temper. He did not often get one who would stand it so meekly as Joe Jenkins. At length Mr. Jenkins lifted himself off the shut-up press bedstead on which he had been perched, and prepared to go.

"Come along of me while I lock up," said Ketch, somewhat less ungraciously than usual.

Mr. Jenkins hesitated.

"My wife will be wondering what has become of me; she'll blow me up for keeping supper waiting," debated he, aloud. "But—well, I don't mind going with you this once for company's sake," he added, in his obliging yieldingness.

The large keys, two, one at each end of a string, were hung up just within the lodge door; they belonged to the two gates of the cloisters. Old Ketch took them down and went out with Jenkins, merely shutting his own door; he rarely fastened it, unless he was going some distance.

Very dark were the inclosed cloisters, as they entered by the west gate. It was later than the usual hour of closing, and it was, moreover, a gloomy evening, the sky overcast as with a pall. They went through the cloisters to the south gate, Ketch grumbling all the way. He locked it, and then turned back again.

Arrived about midway of the west quadrangle, the very darkest part in all the cloisters, and the most dreary, Jenkins suddenly started his companion by declaring there was a light in the burial ground.

"Come along!" growled Ketch. "You'll say there's corpse candles there, next."

"It is but a little spark, like," said Jenkins, halting. "I should not wonder but it is one of them pretty, innocent, glow-worms."

He leaned his arms upon the mullioned frame of the open gothic window, raised himself on tip-toe to get as complete a view as was practicable, and pushed his head out to reconnoitre the grave yard. Mr. Ketch shuffled on; the keys, held somewhat loosely in his hand by the string, clanking together.

"Be you a going to stop there all night?" he called out, when he had gone a few paces, half turning round to speak.

At that moment a somewhat startling incident occurred. The keys were whisked out of Mr. Ketch's hand, and fell, or appeared to fall, with a clatter on the flags at his feet. He turned his anger upon Jenkins.

"Now then, you senseless calf! What did you do that for?"

"Did you speak?" asked Jenkins, taking his elbows from the distant window-frame, and approaching.

Mr. Ketch felt a little staggered. His belief had been that Jenkins had come up silently, and dashed the keys from his hand; but Jenkins, it appeared, had not left the window. However, like too many other cross-grained spirits, he persisted in venting the blame upon him.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, to play a old man such a trick?"

"I have played no trick," said Jenkins. "I thought I saw a glow-worm, and I stopped to look; but I couldn't see it again. There's no trick in that."

"Ugh!" cried the porter, in his wrath. "You took and clutched the keys from me, and throwed 'em on the ground! Pick 'em up."

"Well, I never heard the like!" said Jenkins. "I was not within yards and yards of you. If you dropped the keys, it was no fault of mine." But, being a peaceably-inclined man, he stooped and found the keys.

The porter grunted. An inner current of conviction rose in his heart that he must undoubtedly have dropped them, though he could have declared at the time that they were mysteriously snatched from him. He seized the string, firmly now, and hobbled on to the west door, abusing Jenkins all the way.

They arrived at the west door, which was gained by a narrow, closed passage from the gate of entrance, as was the south door, in a similar manner; and there Mr. Ketch used his eyes and his tongue, considerably, for the door, instead of being open, as he had left it, was shut and locked.

"What on earth has done this?" shrieked he.

"Done what?" asked Mr. Jenkins.

"Done what!" was the irascible echo. "Be you a fool, Joe Jenkins? Don't you see the doors fast?"

"Unfasten it," said Jenkins, sensibly.

Mr. Ketch proceeded to do so—at least, to apply one of the keys to the lock—with much fumbling. It apparently did not occur to him to wonder how the locking process could have been effected, considering that the key had been in his own possession.

Fumbling and fumbling, now with one key, now with the other, and then with critical feeling of the keys and their wards, the truth at length burst upon the unhappy man that the keys were not the right keys, and that he and Jenkins were—locked in! The perspiration broke out over him as large as peas.

"They *must* be the keys," remonstrated Mr. Jenkins.

"They are *not* the keys," shrieked Ketch. "D'ye think I don't know my own keys, now I come to feel 'em?"

"But they were your keys that fell down, and that I picked up," argued Jenkins, perfectly sure, in his own mind, that they could be no others. "There was not a fairy in the cloisters, to come and change them."

"Feel 'em!" roared Ketch, in his despair. "These be a couple of horrid, rusty old things, as can't have been in use since the cloisters was built. *You* have changed 'em, you have!" he sobbed, the notion taking possession of him forcibly. "You are a-doing it to play me a infamous trick, and I'll have you up before the dean to-morrow! I'll shake the life out of you, I will!"

Laying summary hold of Mr. Jenkins, he began to shake him with all his feeble strength. The latter soon extricated himself, and he succeeded in impressing on the man the fallacy of his suspicion.

"Don't I want to get home to my supper and my wife? Don't I tell you she'll set upon me like anything for keeping it waiting?" he meekly remonstrated. "Do I want to be locked up in these unpleasant cloisters? Give me the keys, and let me try them."

Ketch, in sheer helplessness, was fain to comply. He resigned the keys to Jenkins, and Jenkins tried them; but he was none the nearer unlocking the gate. In their increasing perplexity they resolved to return to the place in the quadrangle where the keys had fallen, a very forlorn suggestion proceeding from Mr. Jenkins that the right keys might be lying there still, and that this rusty pair might, by some curious and unaccountable chance, have been lying there also.

They commenced their search, disputing, the one hotly the other temperately, as to which was the exact spot. With feet and hands they hunted as well as the dark would allow them: all in vain, and Ketch gave vent to a loud burst of feeling when he realized the fact, that they were positively locked up in the cloisters, beyond a hope of succor, in the dark and lonely night.

CHAPTER XII.

A MISHAP TO THE BISHOP OF HELSTONLEIGH.

"Fordham, I wonder whether the cloisters are closed?"

"I will see, my lord."

The question came from the Bishop of Helstonleigh, who, as it fell out, had been to make an evening call upon the dean. The dean's servant was now conducting his lordship down the grand staircase, on his departure. In proceeding to the palace from the deanery, to go through the cloisters cut off quite two-thirds of the distance.

Fordham quitted the hall, a lamp in his hand, and traversed sundry passages which brought him to the deanery garden. Crossing the garden, and treading another short passage, he came to the cloisters. The bishop had followed, lighted by Fordham, and talking affably. A very pleasant man was the Bishop of Helstonleigh, standing little upon forms and ceremonies. In frame he was nearly as active as a college boy.

"It is all right, I think, my lord," said Fordham. "I hear the porter's voice now in the cloisters."

"How dark it is!" exclaimed the bishop.—"Ketch must be closing late to-night. What a noise he is making!"

In point of fact, Mr. Ketch had just arrived at that agreeable moment which concluded the last chapter—the conviction that no other keys were to be found, and that he and Jenkins were fast. The tone in which he was making his sentiments known upon the calamity was not a subdued one.

"Shall I light you round, my lord?"

"By no means—by no means. I shall be up with Ketch in a minute. He seems in a passion. Good night, Fordham."

"Good-night to your lordship."

The servant went back to the deanery.

The prelate groped his way round to the west quadrangle.

"Are you closing, Ketch?"

Mr. Ketch started as if he had been shot, and his noise dropped to a calm. Truth to say, his style of complaint had not been orthodox, not exactly suitable to the ears of his bishop. He and Jenkins both recognized the voice, and bowed low, dark though it was.

"What is the matter, Ketch? You are making enough noise."

"Matter, my lord!" groaned Ketch.—"Here's matter enough to make a saint—saving your lordship's presence—forget his prayers. We be locked up in the cloisters."

"Locked up!" repeated the bishop. "What do you mean? Who is with you?"

"It is me, my lord," said Jenkins, meekly answering for himself; "Joseph Jenkins, my lord, at Mr. Galloway's. I came in with the porter just for company, my lord, when he came to lock up, and we have somehow got locked in."

The bishop demanded an explanation. It was not very easily afforded. Ketch and Jenkins talked one against the other, and when the bishop did at length get to comprehend the tale, he scarcely gave credence to it.

"It is an incomprehensible story, Ketch, that you should drop your keys, and they should get changed for others as they lay on the flags. Are you sure you brought out the right keys?"

"My lord, I *couldn't* bring out any others," returned Ketch, in a tone that longed to betray its resentment, and would have betrayed it to anybody but a bishop. "I haven't got no others to bring, my lord. Them two keys hangs up on the nail always, and there ain't another key besides in the house, save the door key."

"Some one must have changed them previously—must have hung up these in their places," remarked the bishop.

"But, my lord, it couldn't be, I say," reiterated old Ketch, nearly shrieking. "I know the keys just as well as I know my own hands, and they was the right keys that I brought out. The best proof, my lord, is, that I locked the south door fast enough; and how could I have done that with these wretched old rusty things?"

"The keys must be on the flags still," said his lordship.

"That is the only conclusion I can come to, my lord," mildly put in Jenkins. "But we cannot find them."

"And meanwhile we are locked in for the night, and here's his right reverend lordship, the bishop, locked in with us!" danced old Ketch, nearly beside himself with anger. "Of course, it wouldn't matter for me and Jenkins; speaking in comparison, we are nobody; but it is a shameful indignity for my lord."

"We must try and get out, Ketch," said his lordship, in a tone that sounded as if he were more inclined to laugh than cry. "I will go back to the deanery."

Away went the bishop, as quickly as the gloom allowed him, and away went the other two in his wake. Arrived at the passage which led from the cloisters to the deanery garden, they groped their way to its end—only to find the door closed and locked.

"Well, this is a pleasant situation!" exclaimed the bishop, his tone betraying amusement as well as annoyance; and, with his own prelatical hands, he pummeled at the door, and shouted out with his own prelatical voice. When the bishop was tired, Jenkins and Ketch set on to pummel, and they pummeled till their knuckles were sore and their throats were hoarse. It was all quite in vain. The garden intervened between them and the deanery, and they could not be heard.

It certainly was a pretty situation, as the prelate remarked: the Right Reverend the Bishop of Helstonleigh, ranking about fifth, counting by precedence, on the episcopal bench, locked up ignominiously in the cloisters of Helstonleigh, with Ketch the porter, and Jenkins the steward's clerk; likely, so far as appearances might be trusted, to have to pass the night there! The like had never yet been heard of.

The bishop went to the south gate, and tried the keys himself; the bishop went to the west gate, and tried them there; the bishop stamped about the west quadrangle, hoping to stamp upon the missing keys; but nothing came of it. Ketch and Jenkins attended him—Ketch grumbling in the most angry terms that he dared, Jenkins in humble silence.

"I really do not see what is to be done," debated the bishop, who, no doubt, wished himself well out of the dilemma, like any less exalted mortal would have done. "The doors leading into the college are sure to be closed."

"Quite sure," groaned Ketch.

"And to get into the college would not serve us, that I see," added the bishop. "We should be no better off there than here."

"Saving that we might ring the bell, my lord," suggested Jenkins, with deference.

They proceeded to the college gates. It was a forlorn hope, and one that did not serve them. The gates were locked, the doors closed behind them. No getting to the bell that way; it might as well have been a hundred miles off.

They traversed the cloisters again, and tried the door of the school-room. It was locked. Had it not been, the senior boy might have expected punishment from the head master. They tried the small door leading into the residence of Dr. Burrows—fast also; that abode just now was empty. The folding doors of the chapter-house were opened easily, and they entered. But what did it avail them? There was the large, round room, lined with its books, furnished with its immense table and easy-chairs; but it was as much shut in from the hearing of the world outside as they were. The bishop came in contact with a chair, and sat down in it. Jenkins, who, as clerk to Mr. Galloway, the steward to the dean and chapter, was familiar with the chapter-house, felt his way to the spot where he knew matches were sometimes kept. He could not find any; it was the time of light evenings.

"There's just one chance, my lord," suggested Jenkins. "That the little, unused door at the corner of the cloisters, leading into the body of the cathedral, may not be locked."

"Precious careless of them sextons if it is not!" grunted Ketch.

"It is a door nobody ever thinks of going in at, my lord," returned Jenkins, as if he would apologize for the sexton's carelessness, should it be found unfastened. "If it is open we might get to the bell."

"Them sextons, proud, stuck-up gentlemen, be made up of carelessness and anything else that's bad, they be!" groaned Ketch. "Holding up their heads above us porters!"

It was worth the trial. The bishop rose from the chair, and groped his way out of the chapter-house, the two others following.

"If it hadn't been for that Jenkins's folly, a-fancying he saw a light in the burying ground, and me turning round to order him to come on, it might not have happened," grumbled Ketch, as they wound round the cloisters.

"A light in the burial ground!" hastily repeated the bishop. "What light?"

"Oh, a corpse-candle, or some nonsense of that sort, he had got his mind running on, my lord. Half of the world is idiots, and Jenkins is the biggest of 'em."

"My lord," spoke poor Jenkins, deprecatingly, "I never had such a thought within me as that it was a 'corpse-candle.' I said I fancied it might be a glow-worm; and I believe it was one, my lord."

"A more sensible thought than the other," observed the prelate.

Luck at last! The door was found to be unlocked. It was a low, narrow door, only used on the very rare occasion of a funeral, and was situated in a shady, out-of-the way nook, where nobody ever thought of looking.

"Oh, come, this is something!" cried the bishop, cheerily, as he stepped into the cathedral.

"And your lordship now sees what fine, careless sextons we have got!" struck in Ketch.

"We must overlook their carelessness this time, in consideration of the service it renders us," said the bishop, in a kindly tone. "Take care of the pillars, Ketch."

"Thank ye, my lord. I'm a-going along with my hands held out afore me, to save my head," returned Ketch.

Most likely the bishop and Jenkins were doing the same. Dexterously steering clear of the pillars, they emerged in the wide, open body of the cathedral, and bent their steps across it to the spot where hung the ropes of the bells.

The head sexton to the cathedral—whom you must not confound with a grave-digger, as you might an ordinary sexton; cathedral sextons being personages of more importance—was seated about this hour at supper in his home, close to the cathedral. Suddenly the deep-toned college bell boomed out, and the man started as if a gun had been fired at him.

"Why, that's the college bell!" he uttered to his family. And the family stared with open mouths, replying not.

The college bell it certainly was, and it was striking out sharp, irregular strokes, as though the ringer was not accustomed to his work. The sexton started up, in a state of the most amazed consternation.

"It is magic, it is nothing less—that the bell should be ringing out at this hour!" exclaimed he.

"Father," suggested a juvenile, finding his tongue, "perhaps somebody's got locked up in the college;" for which prevision he was rewarded with a stinging smack on the head.

"Take that, sir! D'ye think I don't know better than to lock folks up in the college? It was me, myself, as locked up this evening."

"No need to box him for that," resented the wife. "The bell *is* ringing, and I'll be bound the boy's right enough. One of them masons must have fell asleep in the day, and has just woke up to find himself shut in. Hope he likes his berth!"

Whatever it might be ringing the bell, whether magic or a mason, of course it must be seen to; and the sexton hastened out, the keys of the cathedral in his hand. He bent his steps towards the front entrance, passing the cloisters, which, as he knew, would be locked at that hour. "And that bear of a Ketch won't hurry himself to unlock them," soliloquised he.

He found the front gates surrounded. The bell had struck upon the wondering ears of many, living within the precincts of the cathedral, who flocked out to ascertain the reason. Amongst others, the college boys were coming up in troops.

"Now, good people, please by your leave!" cried the sexton. "Let me get to the gates."

They made way for the man and his ponderous keys, and the ingress to the college was gained. The sexton was beginning a sharp reproof to the "mason," and the crowd preparing a chorus to it, when they were seized with consternation, and fell back on each other's toes. It was the Bishop of Helstonleigh, in his laced-up hat and apron, who walked forth.

The sexton humbly snatched off his hat; the college boys raised their trenchers.

"Thank you all for coming to the rescue," said the bishop, in a pleasant tone. "It was not an agreeable situation, to be locked in the cathedral."

"My lord," stammered the sexton, in awe-struck dread, as to whether he had unwittingly been the culprit, "how did your lordship get locked in?"

"That is what we must inquire into," replied the bishop.

The next to hobble out was Ketch. In his own fashion, almost ignoring the presence of the bishop, he made known the tale. It was received with disbelieving ridicule. The college boys especially cast mockery towards it, and began dancing a jig when the bishop's back was turned.

"Let a couple of keys drop down, and, when picked up, you found them transmogrified into old, rusty machines, made in the year one!" cried Bywater. "*That's* very like a whale, Ketch!"

Ketch tore off to his lodge, as fast as his lumbago allowed him, calling upon the crowd to come and look at the nail where the keys always hung, save when in use, and holding out the rusty dissemblers for the public view, in a furious passion.

He dashed open the door. The college boys, pushing before the crowd, and following on the bishop's heels—who had probably his own reasons for wishing to see the solution of the affair—thronged into the lodge.

"There's the nail, my lord, and there—"

Ketch stopped, dumbfounded. On the nail, hanging by the string, as quietly as if they had hung for ages, were the cloister keys. Ketch rubbed his eyes, and stared, and rubbed again. The bishop smiled.

"I told you, Ketch, I thought you must be mistaken, in supposing you brought the proper keys out."

Ketch burst into a sobbing wail of anger and deprecation. "He had took out the right keys, and Jenkins could bear him out in the assertion. Some wicked trick had been played upon him, and the keys brought back during his absence and hung up on their hook. He'd lay his life it was the college boys!"

The bishop turned his eyes on those young gentlemen. But nothing could be more innocent than their countenances, as they stood before him in their trenchers—rather too innocent, perhaps; and the bishop's eyes twinkled, and a half smile crossed his lips, but he made no sign. Well would it be if all the clergy were as sweet-tempered as the Bishop of Helstonleigh!

"Well, Ketch, take care of your keys for the future," was all he said, as he walked away. "Good night, boys."

"Good night to your lordship," replied the boys, once more raising their trenchers; and the crowd, outside, respectfully saluted their prelate, who returned it in kind.

"What are you waiting for, Thorpe?" the bishop demanded, when he found the sexton was still at the great gates, holding them about an inch open.

"For Jenkins, my lord," was the reply. "Ketch said he was also locked in."

"Certainly he was," replied the bishop. "Has he not come forth?"

"That he has not, my lord. I have let nobody whatever out except your lordship and the porter. I have called out to him, but he does not answer, and does not come."

"He went up into the organ loft in search of a candle and matches," remarked the bishop. "You had better go after him, Thorpe. He may not know that the doors are open."

The bishop left, crossing over to the palace. Thorpe, calling one of the old bedesmen, some of whom had come up then, left him in charge of the gate, and did as he was ordered. He descended the steps, passed through the wide doors, and groped his way in the dark towards the choir.

"Jenkins!"

There was no answer.

"Jenkins!" called out he again.

Still there was no answer, save the sound of the sexton's own voice, as it echoed in the silence of the large edifice.

"Well, this is a odd go!" exclaimed Thorpe, as he leaned against a pillar and surveyed the darkness of the cathedral. "He can't have melted away into a ghost, or dropped down into the crypt among the coffins. Jenkins, I say!"

With a word of impatience at the continued silence, the sexton returned to the entrance gates. All that could be done was, to get a light and search for him.

They procured a lantern, Ketch ungraciously supplying it; and the sexton, taking two or three of the spectators with him, proceeded to the search.

"He has gone to sleep in the organ loft, that is what he has done," cried Thorpe, making known what the bishop had said.

Alas! Jenkins had not gone to sleep. At the foot of the steps, leading to the organ loft, they came upon him. He was lying there insensible, blood oozing from a wound on the forehead. How had it come about? What had caused it?

Meanwhile, the college boys, after driving Mr. Ketch nearly wild with their jokes and ridicule, touching the mystery of the keys, were scared by the sudden appearance of the head master. They decamped as fast as their legs could carry them, bringing themselves to an anchor at a safe distance, under shade of the friendly elm trees. Bywater stuck his back against one, and his laughter came forth in peals. Some of the rest tried to stop it, whispering caution.

"It's of no good talking, you fellows! I can't keep it in; I shall burst if I try. I have been at bursting point ever since I twitched the keys out of his hands in the cloisters, and threw the rusty ones down. You see I was right—that it was best for one of us to go in without our shoes, and to wait. If half a dozen had gone, we should never have got away unheard."

"*I* pretty nearly burst when I saw the bishop come out, instead of Ketch," cried Tod Yorke: "burst with fright."

"So did a few more of us," said Galloway. "I say, will there be a row?"

"Goodness knows! He is a kind old chap, is the bishop. Better for it to have been him than the dean."

"What was it Ketch said about Jenkins seeing a glow-worm?"

"Oh!" shrieked Bywater, holding his sides, "that was the best of all! I had got a lucifer out of my pocket, playing with it, while they went round to the south gate, and it suddenly struck fire. I threw it over to the burial ground, and that soft Jenkins took it for a glow-worm."

"It's a stunning go!" emphatically concluded Mr. Tod Yorke; "the best we have had this half, yet."

"Hush—sh—sh—sh!" whispered the boys, under their breath. "There goes the master!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MAD NANCE.

Mr. Galloway was in his office. Mr. Galloway was fuming and fretting at the non-arrival of his clerk, Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was a punctual man; in fact, more than punctual; his proper time for arriving at the office was half-past nine; but the cathedral clock had rarely struck the quarter-past before Mr. Jenkins would be at his post. Things seem to go by contrary in this world; almost any other morning it would not have mattered a straw to Mr. Galloway whether Jenkins was a little after or a little before his time; but on this particular morning he had especial need of him, and had come himself to the office unusually early.

One-two; three-four! chimed the quarters of the cathedral.

"There it goes—half-past nine!" ejaculated Mr. Galloway. "What *does* Jenkins mean by it? He knew he was wanted early."

A sharp knock at the office door, and there entered a little dark woman, in a black bonnet. She was Mr. Jenkins's better half, and exercised more than her share of domestic authority.

"Good-morning, Mr. Galloway. A pretty business this is!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Mr. Galloway, surprised at the address. "Where's Jenkins?"

"Jenkins is in his bed with his head plastered up. He's the greatest booby living, and would positively have come here all the same, but I told him I'd strap him down with cords if he attempted it. A pretty object he'd have looked, staggering through the streets, with his head big enough for two, and held together with white plaster!"

"What has he done to his head?" wondered Mr. Galloway.

"Good gracious! have you not heard?" exclaimed the lady, whose mode of speech was rarely overburdened with polite words of compliment, though she meant no disrespect. "He got locked up in the cloisters last night with old Ketch and the bishop."

Mr. Galloway stared at her. He had been dining, the previous evening, with some friends at the other end of the town, and knew nothing of the occurrence. Had he been within hearing when the college bell tolled out at night, he would have run to ascertain its cause as eagerly as any schoolboy.

"Locked up in the cloisters with old Ketch and the bishop!" he repeated, in amazement. "I don't understand."

Mrs. Jenkins proceeded to enlighten him. She gave the explanation of the strange affair of the keys, as it had been given to her by the unlucky Joe. While telling it, Arthur Channing entered, and almost immediately afterwards, Roland Yorke.

"The bishop, of all people!" uttered Mr. Galloway. "What an untoward thing for his lordship!"

"No more untoward for him than for others," retorted the lady. "It just serves Jenkins right. What business had he to go dancing through the cloisters with old Ketch and his keys?"

"But how did Jenkins get hurt?" asked Mr. Galloway, for that particular point had not yet been touched upon.

"He is the greatest fool going, is Jenkins," was the complimentary retort of Jenkins's wife. "After he had helped to ring out the bell, he must needs go poking and groping into the organ-loft hunting for matches, or some such insane rubbish. He might have known, had he possessed any sense, that candles and matches are not likely to be there in summer time! Why, if the organist wanted ever so much to stop in after dark, when the college is locked up for the night, he wouldn't be allowed to do it! It's only in winter, when he has to light a candle to get through the afternoon service, that they keep matches and dips up there."

"But about his head?" repeated Mr. Galloway, who was aware of the natural propensity of Mrs. Jenkins to wander from the point in discussion.

"Yes, about his head!" she wrathfully answered. "In attempting to descend the stairs again, he missed his footing, and pitched right down to the bottom of the flight. That's how his head came in for it. He wants a nurse with him always, does Jenkins, for he is no better than a child in leading strings."

"Is he much hurt?"

"And there he'd have lain till morning, but for the bishop," resumed Mrs. Jenkins, paying no attention to the inquiry. "After his lordship got out, he, finding Jenkins did not come, told Thorpe to go and look for him in the organ-loft. Thorpe said he should have done nothing of the sort but for the bishop's order; he was just going to lock the great doors again, and there Jenkins would have been, fast! They found him lying at the foot of the stairs, just inside the choir gates, with no more life in him than there is in a dead man."

"I asked you whether he is seriously hurt, Mrs. Jenkins."

"Pretty well. He came to his senses as they were bring him home, and somebody ran for Hurst the surgeon. He is better this morning."

"But not well enough to come to business?"

"Hurst told him if he worried himself with business, or anything else to-day, he'd get brain fever, as sure as a gun. He ordered him to stop in bed, and to keep quiet, if he could."

"Of course he must do so," observed Mr. Galloway.

"There's no of course in it when men are the actors," dissented Mrs. Jenkins. "Hurst did well to say 'If he could,' when ordering him to keep quiet. I'd rather have an animal ill in the house than I'd have a man, they are ten times more reasonable. There has Jenkins been tormenting himself ever since seven o'clock this morning about coming here; he was wanted particularly, he said. 'Would you go if you were dead?' I asked him, and he stood it out that if he were dead it would be a different thing. 'Not different at all,' I said. A nice thing it would be to have to nurse him through a brain fever!"

"I am grieved that it should have happened," said Mr. Galloway, kindly. "Tell him, from me, that we can manage very well without him. He must not venture here again until Mr. Hurst says he may come with safety."

"I should have told him that to pacify him, whether you had said it or not," candidly avowed Mrs. Jenkins. "And now I must go back home on the run. As good have no one to mind my shop as that young house-girl of ours. If a customer comes in for a pair of black stockings, she'll take and give 'em a white knitted nightcap! She's as deficient of common sense as Jenkins is. Your servant, sir. Good-morning, young gentlemen!"

"Here, wait a minute," cried Mr. Galloway, as she was speeding off. "I cannot compre-

hend it at all. The keys could not have been changed as they lay on the flags."

"Neither can anybody else comprehend it," returned Mrs. Jenkins. "If Jenkins was not a sober man—and he had better let me catch him being anything else!—I should say the two, him and Ketch, had had a drop too much. The bishop himself could make neither top nor tail of it. It'll teach Jenkins not to go gallavanting again after other folks' business!"

She finally turned away, and Mr. Galloway set himself to revolve the perplexing narrative. The more he thought, the less he was nearer doing so; like the bishop, he could make neither top nor tail of it. "It is entirely incredible!" he remarked to Arthur Channing, "unless Ketch took out the wrong keys!"

"And if he took out the wrong keys, how could he have locked the south door?" interrupted Roland Yorke. "I'd lay anybody five shillings that those mischievous scamps of college boys were at the bottom of it! I taxed Gerald with it, and he flew out at me for my pains. But the seniors may not have been in it. You should have heard the bell clank out last night, Mr. Galloway!"

"I suppose it brought out a few!" was Mr. Galloway's rejoinder.

"It did that," said Arthur Channing. "Myself for one. When I saw the bishop emerge from the college doors, I could scarcely believe my sight!"

"I'd have given half-a-crown to see him!" cried Roland Yorke. "If there's any fun going on, it is sure to be my fate to miss it! Cator was at my house, having a cigar with me; and, though we heard the bell, we did not disturb ourselves to see what it might mean."

"What is your opinion of last night's work, Arthur?" asked Mr. Galloway, returning to the point.

Arthur's opinion was a very decided one, but he did not choose to say so. The meeting with the college boys at their stealthy post in the cloisters when he and Hamish were passing through at dusk, a few nights previously, coupled with the hints then thrown out of the "serving out" of Ketch, could leave little doubt as to the culprits. Arthur returned an answer, couched in general terms.

"Could it have been the college boys, think you?" debated Mr. Galloway.

"Not being a college boy, I cannot speak positively, sir," he said, laughing. "Gaunt knows nothing of it. I met him as I was going home to breakfast from my early hour's work here, and he told me he did not. There would have been no harm done, after all, but for the accident to Jenkins."

"One of you gentlemen can just step in to see Jenkins in the course of the day, and reassure him that he is not wanted," said Mr. Galloway. "I know how necessary it is to keep the mind tranquil in any fear of brain affection."

No more was said, and the occupation of the day began. A busy day was that at Mr. Galloway's, much to the chagrin of Roland Yorke, who had an unconquerable objection to doing too much. He broke out into grumblings at Arthur, when the latter came running in from his duty at college.

"I'll tell you what it is, Channing; you ought not to have made the bargain to go to that bothering organ on busy days; and Galloway must have been out of his mind to let you make it. Look at the heaps of work there is to do!"

"I will soon make up for the lost hour," said Arthur, setting to with a will. "Where's Mr. Galloway?"

"Gone to the bank," grumbled Roland; "and I have had to answer a dozen callers in at least, and do all my writing besides. I wonder what possessed Jenkins to go and knock his head to powder?"

Mr. Galloway shortly returned, and sat down to write. It was a thing he rarely did; he left writing to his clerks, unless it was the writing of letters. By one o'clock the chief portion of the work was done, and Mr. Roland Yorke's spirits recovered their elasticity. He went home then to dinner, as usual. Arthur preferred to remain at his post, and get on further, sending the housekeeper's little maid out for a twopenny roll, which he devoured as he wrote. He was of a remarkably conscientious nature, and deemed it only fair to sacrifice a little time in case of need, in return for the great favor which had been granted him by Mr. Galloway. Most of the families who had sons in the college school dined at one o'clock, it being the most convenient hour for the boys. Hearty, growing youths are not satisfied with anything less substantial than a dinner in the middle of the day, and two dinners in a household tell upon the pocket. The Channings did not afford two, neither did Lady Augusta Yorke, so their hour was one o'clock.

"What a muff you must be to go without your dinner!" cried Roland Yorke to Arthur, when he returned at two o'clock. "*I* wouldn't."

"I have had my dinner," said Arthur.

"What did you have?" cried Roland, pricking up his ears. "Did Galloway send to the eating-house for roast ducks and green peas? That's what we had at home, and the peas were half boiled, and the ducks were scorched, and cooked without stuffing. A wretched set of incapables our house turns out! and my lady does not know how to alter it. You have actually finished that deed, Channing?"

"It is finished, you see. It is surprising how much one can do in a quiet hour! Not a soul has been in since you left."

"Is Galloway out?"

Arthur pointed with his pen to the door of Mr. Galloway's private room, to indicate that he was in it.

"He is writing letters."

"I say, Channing, there's positively nothing left to do," went on Roland, casting his eyes over the desk. "Here are these leases, but they are not wanted till to-morrow. Who says we can't work in this office?"

Arthur laughed good-naturedly to think of the small amount of that day's work which had fallen to the share of Roland.

Some time elapsed. Mr. Galloway came into their room from his own to consult a "Bradshaw" which lay on the shelf alongside Jenkins's desk. He held in his hand a very closely-written letter. It was of large, letter-paper size, and appeared to be filled in on all its four sides. While he was looking at the book, the cathedral clock chimed out the three quarters past two, and the bell rang out for divine service.

"It never can be that time of day!" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, in consternation, as he took out his watch. "Sixteen minutes to three! and I am a minute slow! How has the time passed? I ought to have been at—"

Mr. Galloway brought his words to a stand-still, apparently too absorbed in the railway guide to conclude them. Roland Yorke, who had a free tongue, even with his master, filled up the pause.

"Were you going out, sir?"

"Is that any business of yours, Mr. Roland? Talking won't fill in that lease, sir."

"The lease is not in a hurry, sir," returned incorrigible Roland. But he held his tongue then, and bent his head over his work.

Mr. Galloway dipped his pen in the ink, and copied something from Bradshaw into the closely-written letter, standing at Jenkins's desk to do it; then he passed the blotting-paper quickly over the words, and folded the letter.

"Channing," he said speaking very hastily, "you will see a £20 bank-note on my desk, and the directed envelope of this letter; bring them here."

Arthur went, and brought forth the envelope and bank-note. Mr. Galloway doubled the note in four and slipped it between the folds of the letter, putting both in the envelope. He was fastening it down, when a loud noise and commotion was heard in the street. Curious as are said to be antiquated maidens, Mr. Galloway rushed to the window and threw it up, his two clerks attending in his wake.

Something very fine, in a white dress, and pink and scarlet flowers in her bonnetless head, as if attired for an evening party, was whirling round the middle of the road in circles: a tall woman, who must have been beautiful once. She appeared to be whirling somebody else with her, amid laughter and shrieks, and cries and groans from the whirlers and the gathered mob.

"It is Mad Nance!" uttered Mr. Galloway. "Poor thing! she really ought to be in confinement."

So everybody had said for a long while, but nobody bestirred themselves to place her in it. This unfortunate creature, Mad Nance, as she was called, was sufficiently harmless to be at large on sufferance, and sufficiently mad at times to put a street in an uproar. In her least sane moments she would appear, as now, in an old dimity white dress, scrupulously washed and ironed, and decorated with innumerable frills; some natural flowers, generally wild ones, in her hair. Dandelions were her favorites; she would make them into a wreath, and fasten it on, letting her entangled hair hang beneath. To-day she had contrived to pick up some geranium blossoms, scarlet and pink.

"Who is it that she has got hold of there?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway. "He does not seem to like it."

Arthur burst into laughter as loud as the woman's when he discovered that it was Harper, the lay clerk. This unlucky gentleman, who had been quietly and inoffensively proceeding up Close street on his way to service in the cathedral, was seized upon by Mad Nance by the two hands. He was a thin, weak, little man, a very reed in her strong hands. She shrieked, she laughed, she danced, she flew with him round and round. He shrieked also, his hat off, and his breath gone; he talked, he raved, he remonstrated; I am very much afraid he swore. Mr. Galloway laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and Arthur also.

The crowd was parted by an authoritative hand, and the same hand, gentle now, laid its firmness upon the woman and released the prisoner. It was Hamish Channing who had come to the rescue, suppressing his mirth as he best could while he effected it.

"I'll have the law of her!" panted Harper, as he picked up his hat. "If there's justice to be got in Helstonleigh she shall suffer for this. It's a town's shame to let her go about, molesting peaceable wayfarers, and shaking the life out of them!"

Something at a distance appeared to attract the attention of the unhappy woman, and she flew away. Hamish and Mr. Harper were left alone in the street, the latter still exploding with wrath, and vowing all sorts of revenge.

"Put up with it quietly, Harper," advised Hamish. "She is like a little child, not accountable for her actions."

"That's just like you, Mr. Hamish Channing. If they took your head off, you'd put up with it! How would you like your hat flung away in the sight of a whole street?"

Hamish laughed and said:

"Here's your hat; not much damaged, apparently."

Mr. Harper, composing himself as he best could, continued his way to the cathedral, turning his hat about in his hand and closely regarding it. Hamish stepped across to Mr. Galloway's, meeting that gentleman at the door,

"A good thing you came up as you did, Mr. Hamish. Harper will remember Mad Nance for a twelvemonth to come."

"I expect he will," replied Hamish, laughing still.

Mr. Galloway laughed also, and walked hastily down the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ What is the simplest way of increasing the speed of a slow boat? To make her fast.

☞ It requires less strength of character to do a brave act in secret than not to brag of it afterwards.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT APPROVING THE EMANCIPATION ACT.

The following Message was received by the House of Representatives, on the 16th, from the President:—

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—The act entitled "An Act for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia," has this day been approved and signed.

I have never doubted the Constitutional authority of Congress to abolish slavery in this District, and I have ever desired to see the National Capital freed from the institution in some satisfactory way. Hence, there has never been in my mind any question upon the subject except the one of expediency, arising in view of all the circumstances. If there be matters within and about this act which might have taken a course or shape more satisfactory to my judgment, I do not attempt to specify them.

I am gratified that the two principles of compensation and colonization are both recognized and practically applied in the act. In the matter of compensation it is provided that claims may be presented within ninety days from the passage of the act, but not thereafter; and there is no saving for minors, *femmes covert*, insane, or absent persons. I presume that this is an omission by mere oversight, and I recommend that it be supplied by an amendatory or supplemental act.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

April 16th, 1862.

The President has nominated to the Senate James G. Bennett, Ex-Mayor of Washington, Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, and Daniel R Goodloe, formerly of North Carolina, Commissioners, under the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, to investigate and determine the validity and value of the claims presented.

INGENIOUS PLAN FOR CORRESPONDING IN CIPHER.

The Evening Post of New York publishes a dispatch which was sent in cipher, by Beauregard to a confederate in Washington, about a year ago, and which we copy from the interest to our readers of the ingenious mode in which the cipher is constructed. Each correspondent is provided beforehand with a page printed from the same form, which may be any connected article in a book or paper, or merely the several letters of the alphabet arranged in parallel lines with the more common letters repeated a proper number of times. Then the correspondent who writes to his friend lays his sheet over a sheet of white paper and punches out the letters to spell his words, driving the punch through the sheet below. The white sheet is then forwarded to the correspondent who lays it over his printed sheet, and spells out the words which are formed by the letters seen through the holes, and which of course correspond with those punched out of the other sheet. Should the dispatch be found on its way it is of course nothing more than a sheet of white paper punched with holes, conveying no intelligence without the printed sheet.

The following is the dispatch, and the Post says that it was found under circumstances which verify it as authentic:—

I shall cross the river above Little Falls on Sunday at two A. M. Signal red and white rockets from Turner's Hill. For God's sake don't fail us. Fire the city at all points agreed on at once. Dispatch Lincoln and Scott as you suggest, and let the execution of our plot be perfect. BEAUREGARD.

—*Scientific American.*

THE WESTERN VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The returns of the recent election in Western Virginia come in very slowly, but, so far as received, show large majorities for the new Constitution and gradual emancipation. The following are the returns from nineteen counties:—

Counties.	Constitution. For.	Against.	Free State. For.	Against.
Barbour,	459	7	—	—
Doddridge,	510	15	—	—
Preston,	1,466	11	1,320	93
Brooke,	292	45	248	43
Mason,	639	23	—	—
Wirt,	314	3	—	—
Cavel (Guyandotte Prec.),	300	1	—	—
Upshur,	800	2	800	8
Third Reg't Va. Vol.,	286	—	286	23
Marshall,	1,053	34	795	71
Wood,	1,300	13	—	—
Jackson,	470	2	—	—
Tucker,	513	15	—	—
Hancock,	235	73	227	44
Ohio,	1,023	31	375	54
Tyler,	648	11	544	26
Bancock,	223	73	—	—
Wetzel,	443	14	96	8
Pleasants,	322	2	102	40
Hardy (part),	189	—	—	—
Totals,	11,375	376	5,293	410

SHOCKING DECEIT.—A Geelong (Australia) paper publishes a remarkable story. A laboring man of good character went to Geelong about three years ago, and managed to save sufficient money to send for his wife and child. He confided the money to an acquaintance, who was returning to England, but the messenger proved false, informed the wife that her husband was dead, and eventually persuaded her to marry him. Two months afterwards she heard that her husband was living, and on being pressed, the scoundrel who had deceived her confessed that it was so. She then made up her mind to go to Australia with her child and search for her husband. She did so, and found that he also had married, the traitor having written from England that the wife was dead, and that he was taking care of the infant daughter, for which reason he had not returned the money entrusted to him, as he was applying it to the child's support and education. The husband introduced his first wife to his new bride, when, as we are told, a scene ensued which beggars all description.

RAISING OF UNION TROOPS IN TENNESSEE.—Within the past few days a large number of native Tennesseeans, men of intelligence, character, and influence, have applied to Governor Johnson for authority to raise troops for the Federal army. One man has already raised a whole company in Bedford county, one of the wealthiest counties in middle Tennessee, and we learn that a whole regiment will be raised there. Great interest is manifested in the work of enlistment in various quarters, and in a very short time we have no doubt that a much larger number of Tennesseeans will volunteer in the Federal army than ever volunteered or were drafted into the Confederate army. So soon as the millstone of oppression is lifted from her breast—and it is nearly rolled away—Tennessee will prove herself loyal by an immense majority. It is the opinion of highly intelligent Tennesseeans that this state is more loyal than Kentucky.—*Nashville Union.*

COTTON PLANTING IN ILLINOIS.—It is stated by members of Congress from Illinois that cotton will be very extensively planted in that State this season. The experiment has been begun by the Illinois Central Railroad Company preparing 2,000 acres for this purpose. Other landowners are making arrangements to plant large quantities of Kentucky cotton seed.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Gen. Wallace so severely wounded in the battle of Pittsburg Landing, is Gen. Wm. L. H. Wallace, who served with distinction in the First Illinois Volunteers in the Mexican war.

LATENT UNIONISM.—A volume of explanations could not give a more complete idea of the cause of the very dubious conduct of a large class in the districts from which our forces have just driven the rebels, than the followiog answer given by a mill-owner in Tennessee to a newspaper correspondent who questioned him as to his views of politics:—"Can't say jist yet—we has to be mighty kereful how we talk round yere. Don't know how the thing's going yet. Don't do to hollow afore we git out of the woods."

THE Spanish Government has most resolutely determined not to infringe on the sovereignty or rights of Mexico.

THE French press considers that the Monitor has solved the problem between wooden and iron clad ships.

THE British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his annual budget, states that the cotton question is very serious, the blockade having been more extended and stringent than could have been expected.

THE rebel report of the unconditional surrender of Col. Canby, at Fort Craig, is contradicted by later advices received at the War Department, which show that Canby has obtained a success over the enemy, has been reinforced, and is in pursuit of them. The Texans have fallen back from Apache Pass to Santa Fe.

GEN. GRANT'S official account of the great battle of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, as both he and Beauregard call it, has been published, but it adds little to what we already know. He gives the killed on our side 1,500, wounded 3,500. Gen. Sherman's official report of the pursuit is also published. It did not amount to much.

THE Navy Department has invited proposals for the construction of four iron gunboats for the Mississippi River and Gulf service, with two turrets on the plan of the Ericsson.

A RICHMOND journal says the national vessels Monitor, Naugatuck and Galena might all go up the James River, and suggests the obstruction of the navigation of the river by means of stone.

FROM Hatteras we learn that the preparations were being made for the siege of Fort Macon by getting heavy guns into position. The bridge over the Neuse river had been finished.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has nominated Brigadier General Mitchell to be a Major General, for gallant services at Huntsville and other places in Alabama.

GEN. CAMERON was recently served with a writ in Philadelphia, at the suit of Pierce Butler, for alleged false imprisonment last summer in Fort Lafayette.

THE CABINET.—I have the assurance of a member of the Cabinet that the statement in a New York paper, that McClellan's plans will be interfered with by any one in the Government in utterly false. Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, and others, have given him every possible assistance. He has an abundance of troops, who are thoroughly equipped in every particular—in short, everything needed to make an effective army. The stories of the resignation of Stanton or Welles are equally false. They are evidently the work of the enemies of the Government, who try to encourage the rebels by rumors of dissension among our leading men, and distrust of their ability.—*Washington Corres. of North American.*

THERE is good reason for believing that the Merrimac burst her new gun in firing her last shot. It is also concluded that the Merrimac was most likely injured by getting aground when she was last out.

COMMODORE FOOTE telegraphs to the Navy Department that the mortars of the fleet at Fort Pillow opened on the 14th, and soon cleared the river of all vessels. The shell fell in the rebel camp. He says the rebel works are strong and extensive. Gen. Huger is in command of the fort.

A St. Louis paper of the 16th brings the painful intelligence that Gen. Sigel is now lying dangerously ill.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has ruled very quiet during the past week. The receipts of Flour are very light, and prices without any marked change, sales reaching only some 7000 bbls, part taken for shipment, at $4,87½@5 for fine, $5@5,25 for common and good superfine, which is scarce, $5,37½@5,62½ for extra—the latter for Lancaster county, $5,62½@5,75 for good extra family, and $5,87½@6 for fancy brands. The sales to the trade have been limited within the above range of prices, and high grade fancies at $6,25@6,75 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and sells on arrival at $3,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and dull at $2,70 for Penna Meal, at which rate it is nominally held.

GRAIN—There has been less activity in Wheat, and prices are 1@2c lower, with sales of 40,000 bus, mostly good Penna Reds, at $1,23@1,25, in store, and $1,25@1,28, afloat, closing steady at our lowest figures, and the offerings moderate, including some small lots inferior at $1,15@1,20, good and prime Southern Reds at $1,28@1,30, and White at $1,30 to $1,43, as in quality. Rye comes in slowly, and meets with a steady demand; 4000 bus Penna sold at 70@71c, mostly at the latter rate, afloat, which is an advance. Corn is coming in more freely, and prices are rather lower, with sales of 50,000 bus, mostly Southern Yellow, afloat, at 55@54c; we quote at the latter rate; some lots of Penna, in store, have been sold at 54@54½c, and Southern White at 60@61c, afloat. Oats are better, and all offered, about 35,000 bus, found buyers, chiefly at 36c for Penna, in store, at which rate they are wanted. Mill Feed continues dull, and Barley very quiet. Of White Beans sales are reported at $1,50@2, and some inferior at $1,25 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Bbld Meats continue dull, and Mess Pork sells as wanted at $12,75@13,25 ₱ bbl. Of Beef the sales are light at $12,50@15 ₱ bbl for Western city Mess. Bacon is quiet with further sales of Hams at 6@9c, the latter for fancy cured. Shoulders are worth 4½@5½c, as in quality. Green Meats are more active and selling freely at 5¼@5¾c for Sides in salt; 4¼@4½c for Shoulders, and 5½@6¼c for Hams in salt and pickle, at which rates the receipts have mostly all been taken. Of Lard about 1500 pkgs have also been taken at 8¼@8¾c for tes and bbls, and 8¾c@ ¾c for Western kegs, cash and time, including some country packed at ¼@½c less. Butter is firm with further sales of prime Roll at 16@18c, and packed at 8@10c. Cheese continues steady at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs sell freely at 11c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The market is firmer and more active, the want of stock limiting the week's operations to some 380 bales, taken in small lots at rather higher prices, ranging from 22c to 30c, cash, for inferior to good middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are selling in a small way within the range of quotations.

BARK—The market is dull but steady, and first No 1 is offered at $33½, with small sales at that price. 10 hhds second No 2 sold at $25 ₱ ton. The receipts are moderate, but the demand has fallen off. Tanners' Bark is inquired for and in demand at $12@13 for Chestnut, and $15@16 for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good yellow is worth 33c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is firm and rather more active, orders from the East coming in more freely.

COFFEE—The market is more active, but without any alteration in prices, and sales reach about 1200 bags, in small lots, at 17@20c for low grade and good Rio, and 18@21c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER is dull. Of Yellow Metal the sales are moderate at 24c ₱ lb, on time.

FEATHERS are unchanged. Good Western are scarce, and selling in lots as wanted at 38@39c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales continue limited at 7@9c for Unpared Peaches, and 3@6c for Apples; 100 bbls of the latter, old crop, sold at 2¾c ₱ lb. Nothing doing in Green Apples or Cranberries, the season for both being about over.

HAY is unsettled and lower, with sales at 60@70c the 100 lbs, the latter for good Timothy.

HEMP is quiet. There is little or no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and no sales have come under our notice to alter quotations.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business doing at 15@20c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is very little movement in Pig Metal, and the market is rather dull at previous rates. Sales include about 2500 tons, at $30 for forge and $32 for good anthracite No 1, on time. In Scotch Pig there is nothing doing. Bars and Rails are firm, and the former tending upwards.

LEAD is firmer but quiet, and the stock on sale light; 500 pigs Galena were disposed of on terms kept private.

LUMBER—There is more doing, and prices are steadily maintained. Among the sales are 250,000 feet yellow sap Boards at $14, and 150,000 Laths at $1,30 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is better and more active, with sales of 800 hhds Cuba at 23@24c for clayed, and 25@30c for Muscovado, including 100 hhds Porto Rico at 37@4 c, all on time, and a cargo of Trinidad, taken on terms kept private.

PLASTER—There is very little arriving, and soft is in demand at $3,37½ ₱ ton.

RICE is very quiet and nearly nominal at 7@7¾c for Carolina, and 5½@6¼c for East India.

SEEDS—There is very little demand, the active season for Clover and Timothy being about over. Of the former some 600 bus have been taken, mostly at $4,62½@4,75, and from second hands at $5@5,25 ₱ bus. Timothy is held at $2 ₱ bus, but sales of 1000 bus are reported, mostly at $1,87½. Flaxseed is arriving and selling in a small way at $2,10@2,15 ₱ bus. Red Top is steady at $2,50 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little doing in Brandy, and the market is firm but quiet at about previous quotations. Gin is also quiet. In N E Rum the sales are limited at 36@37c. Whiskey is firm but inactive, with moderate receipts and sales of bbls at 24@24½c, the latter for prime Western; hhds at 23@23½c, and drudge at 22@22½c.

SUGARS are very firm, but without much activity in the demand, the receipts being large and but few landed yet. The sales comprise some 800 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 7@7¼c, including Porto Rico at 7¼@7¾c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is unsettled and rather lower, country selling moderately at 8@8¼c, and city at 8¼@8½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced and the sales limited at about previous rates.

WOOL—The market is very quiet and prices about the same, with a few small sales of Fleece and pulled, taken within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1511 head. Prices varying from $7 to 9 ₱ 100 lbs. 70 Cows were sold at from $15 to 37 ₱ head. 5700 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $5,25 to 5,75 ₱ cwt. 340 Hogs brought from $5,50 to 6,50 ₱ cwt net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. JOSEPH S. FORHMAN, of Delaware, to Miss MIRIAM REESE, of this city.

On the 16th of March, 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM F. THOMPSON, of Delaware, to Miss LOUISE RAIMOND, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. DAVID FLOYD, to Miss ANNA M. daughter of John H. Bringhurst, Esq. both of this city.

In Lower Merion, April 12th, by the Rev. S. Patterson, DAVIS CARNATHAN, to EMMA MORRIS, both of that township.

Dec. 12, 1861, by the Rev. John Thompson, PATRICK W. BOYD, to MARGARET SMITH, both of this city.

Dec. 2d, 1861, by the Rev. W. Mullin, Mr. EDWIN C. WILGUS, to Miss TAGE A. WILGUS, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Capt. ISAAC MCKENDS, of the Army of Volunteers, to Miss CLARA KENNEDY, both of this city.

On the 27th of March, 1862, by the Rev. N. P. Baldwin, Mr. BARCLAY W. GLOVER, of Medford, N. J. to Miss EMMA L. HAINES, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Monday morning, 14th instant, HENRY J. BOLLER, in his 60th year.

On Wednesday, April 16th, J. THOMAS BOONE, aged 46 years and 8 months.

On Tuesday, April 16th, RICHARD DICKSON, a native of Ireland.

On the 14th instant, HENRIETTA B. HILL, in her 55th year.

On the evening of the 12th instant, CAROLINE B. widow of the late Thos. H. Newbold.

On the 15th of April, JOHN S. KEYSER, in his 46th year.

On the 15th instant, OLIVER P. HARMSTAD, in his 46th year.

On the 14th instant, JUDITH ANN, wife of Henry Fredericks, in her 30th year.

On Monday morning 14th instant, Mrs. HANNAH M. STEELE, in her 51st year.

On the 13th instant, BENJAMIN BARNES, in his 74th year.

Suddenly, on Sunday, 13th instant, MARY JANE, wife of Adam Miller, in her 35th year.

On 2d-day afternoon, 14th instant, GEORGE M. JUSTICE, in his 70th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 19, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 30 dis
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 par.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	2 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1½ dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 60 dis.
Kentucky	2 to 30 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	1 to 50 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 to 65 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Is unrivalled in the world.

No other Dye has been analyzed.
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No other Dye improves the texture of the hair.

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Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. ap26-cow3t

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A. WILLIAMS & CO. 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 82 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
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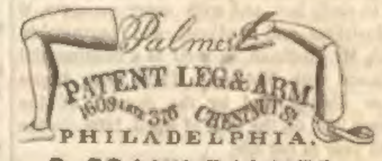

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq.,
ap19-tf Bedford, Kings Co., N. Y.

THE LOVE ROMANCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

A NEW CHAPTER IN LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

Much mystery has been attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point of peculiarity of the great writer's character and career, his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questionings of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his experience. There were occasional and very vague references made to a "lang syne" love—so dimly distant in the past, as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of a romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of much imagining—nay more the substructure of a thousand sweet sympathies, outgushing from other hearts, whose loves had not been lost but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were baulked, the sympathetic, even discouraged. The set time for its disclosure had not come, and surely when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time and in his own pathetic language.

It was while engaged in writing his "History of New York" that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office, Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 26th of April, 1809, in the 18th year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says:

"She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. * * * * I saw her fade rapidly away—beautiful and more beautiful, and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside, and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delirious state than I had ever known before.—Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping, for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. * * * * * I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed-room of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me of the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I suffered for a long time, in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. * * * * I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze, my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy, and expressed the wish to know why he had never married. Can words more graphically describe the shipwreck of hope, or more tenderly depict the chivalric devotion of a faithful lover? How sweetly too does Irving portray with his artist-pen the lineaments of his loved one. He says, in the same letter:—"The more I saw of her the more reason I had to admire her.—Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but I in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought and action, than this young creature. I am not exaggerating, what I say was acknowledged by all that knew her. Her brilliant little sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse unworthy being in comparison."

Irving seldom if ever alluded to this sad event nor was the name of Matilda ever spoken in his presence.' Thirty years after her death Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a grand-daughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidently brought with them a piece of embroidery which dropped upon the floor. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." His biographer describes the effect as electric. "He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before," says Pierre M. Irving, "and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house." Do any of the pages that record the "loves of the poets" glisten with a purer, brighter halo, than is thrown around the name and character and memory of Matilda Hoffman, by the life long constancy and graceful tributes of one whose name, destined to a deathless renown, may not henceforth be dissevered from that of the early lost and dearly loved, whose death made Washington Irving what he was and what the world admires?—*Boston Post.*

Wit and Humor.

THE RICH COUNTRY GAL AND THE WICKED CITY CHAP.

It's all of a rich country gal that I know;
She plays the according and the melojun also;
With cheeks red as roses and teeth white as snow,
She looks like an angel as a milliken she goes.
Ri tu ral li ru ral li la.

Thar was a young feller, from the city he cum,
He tried to entice her to leve her sweet hum,
He gave her a lockit, he gave her a ring,
And black nigger mellowdays tried for to sing.
Ri tu ral li ru ral li la.

On one Sunday evening, her father, says he,
I want you to leave off this youth's company;
Of them counter-jumpers I pray you beware,
You will find them deceitful, I vow and declare.
Ri tu ral li ru ral li la.

Then the damsel she cried, and the dameel she wept;
She took to reading novels when she ought to have slept,
She left her melojun and according also,
And in a little while she crazy did go.
Ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

Now, all ye pretty maidens that a lesson would turn,
Beware of these dandys and thar company spurn,
If you would not git ravin crazy also,
When they come to humbug, just tell them to go.
Ri tu ral li lu ral li la.

How the Newsboy Had Him.—The impertinence and ready wit of newsboys are a matter of notoriety, and scarcely any common man who enters into a contest with them but comes out second best. Everybody knows Captain C——, of the Dragoons.—As he was waiting for a train at the Illinois Central depot, the other morning, the newsboys discovered that he "had not any morning paper," and so they surrounded him as the flies did poor Reynard. He drove them all off but one, who was determined to sell him "a Press or a 'Eraid," or something in that line. As a last resort, the captain cries out, in apparent despair—

"I can't read a word, I tell you—so clear out!"

"Can't read!" ejaculated the newsboy, cocking one eye up at him and the other down at the bundle—"can't read, eh? Well, now, old fellow, by jing, I'll fix you in a jiffy! 'Ere's a pictor'l—just look at the pictera.—You needn't read a word—them picters speak to the commonest understanding, as the preachers say."

The captain, albeit a soldier of undoubted courage, surrendered.

Horse-Dealing.—Mr. Tattersall and Charles Mathews, the elder, were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket Races, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Mr. Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly, by Smolensko," &c. "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mathews, in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly, by Smolensko." Mr. Tattersall looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded:—"What shall we say to begin with?" "What shall we say to begin with?" replied the inevitable echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out:—"One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guineas?" bawled out Mathews. "Thank you, sir!" cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang, "the filly is yours!" Mathews, we need scarcely add, was somewhat taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock."

That Gray Pony.—An old gentleman in the city, who was remarkable for his prosing powers, had got into a habit of talking continually of his "gray pony;" say what you would, do what you would, in came the gray pony. A gentleman, who prided himself on his conversational powers, one day made a wager that he would converse with the old fellow without allowing him an opportunity of "mounting his gray pony," or even introducing him. One day he met him at a tavern, and observing him at dinner, said:—"That's a very fine piece of salmon you've got there." "Yes, sir," said the octogenarian; "it's pretty good, but whenever I wish to enjoy salmon in perfection, I mount my little gray pony, and—"

"Hang your little gray pony!" said the other; "he has cost me a dozen of wine and a supper of oysters for six."

☞ Why is a good poem like a good railroad. Because, in both, the lines run smoothly.

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPERTINENT THING ON RECORD.

Street Boy.—"Carry yer sword home for yer, sir!"

ANECDOTES.

The Rev. Dr. R——, of Albany, in the course of an eloquent sermon, gave utterance to a brief commentary on a few Bible verses, which embodied a fine bit of humor. He had taken for his text, "This man's religion is vain." And in following out the subject suggested by these general words, he alluded to the Pharisee who, in his prayer at the Temple, took occasion to snub the poor Publican, as one of those whose religion "is vain." And it was just here that the commentary whereof I write ran in these words: "This Pharisee, in thanking God that he was not as other men were, was merely rendering thanks to God for his bigoted and intolerant spirit, *and there is no doubt but that he had a great deal to be thankful for!*"

In Venango county, Pennsylvania, is a queer fellow by the name of Tom ——, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother, Jim, who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—we hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up out of the water, Tom said to him—

"Is it c-c-c-cold, Jim?"

"No," replied Jim, "not at all."

"D-d-d-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom; "he l-l-l-lies yet!"

Some years since, Seth P. Johnson was elected a member of the —— Legislature, from one of the Western counties. Desiring to make a favorable impression, he prepared himself with great care for his first speech.—He commenced:

"Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and came to a sudden stop. Again he commenced:—"Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and again stopped. He essayed a third time, and got no farther; when a fellow-member brought him and the House both down by suggesting whether it was in order for a member of the House to be making *reflections* on the character of General Washington!—*Harper's Monthly.*

Pearls.—Of all beautiful things in the world the pearl is the rarest and most beautiful. Nothing can exceed it, nothing can equal it, although they try very hard in French and Roman ways, in glassy globules which continually crack, or in round spots of wax, which, instead of adorning, adhere to the neck of beauty, and when old age comes upon it, turn yellow and wrinkled like the skin of a dowager. Nay, nothing can well imitate it, although art has gone somewhat near it. But to a knowing eye one might as well seek to imitate truth, as to imitate a pearl.

☞ Love, justice and fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open ours pretty wide sometimes.

Agricultural.

THE STRAWBERRY FOR WINE.

In an article already forwarded, I have referred to large profits in one instance, realized from the manufacture of strawberry wine. Just as I was leaving the city I took from the Post Office a letter from the party referred to, from which I make the following extracts, premising that I am assured by men of integrity that these statements can be relied on as correct:

"In reference to the manufacture of wine from the strawberry, I will say that I have realized *full six hundred dollars net profits from not over one half acre*, the past season—[the letter is dated Feb. 20th, 1862,]—making certainly double the amount of money that could be realized in our markets from the fruit. The article (of wine) you tasted in Chicago, was not a fair specimen, as it was drawn from the lees too soon.

"My success in the sale of the article has been beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have the assurance that I can sell all that I can make, by parties who have been introducing it in Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana. In short, it is universally admired, especially by the ladies.

"I am so confident of its success, that I intend making seventy-five or one hundred barrels of it next season. I have no trouble in selling it at $2,50 per gallon. I sold, a few days since, to one party, the second barrel at the above figure.

"I have about forty acres in strawberries in Illinois—about half of them at Aurora, forty-three miles from Chicago, where I intend removing the 1st of April, and turn my whole attention to fruit and wine-making. I have eighteen acres in Southern Illinois, for early market, and expect the coming season to plant eighteen acres more—making nearly sixty acres I have in small fruit and peaches. My peach orchard is in 'Egypt,' in South Illinois. It is now just coming into bearing, and of the best varieties now cultivated in the United States."

Talking of the wine he says:—"I am satisfied with one thing. If you want a fine fabric, you must employ a fine material. It is conceded by all, that the strawberry is the finest of all the small fruits; then why may not the wine excel the Catawba, if made right?"

Some will dissent from the premises, and therefore from the conclusion; but it is a fact of some significance that many of our best Western fruitists have expressed great faith in the ultimate and successful use of the strawberry for wine manufacture. The success above detailed must be credited to Mr. E. Sims, of Boone county, Indiana.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HEAVY AND LIGHT LAND.

We have seldom seen the different treatment required for heavy and light land, better explained than in the following paragraph, which occurs in a communication from Walter Elder to the Philadelphia Farmer and Gardener:—

Sandy soils are too full of air, and require much heavy rolling to make them compact and retentive of moisture. Indeed, if rolling could destroy all weeds upon sandy soils, it would be far better than stirring them to uproot weeds. The Jersey farmers use the plough, harrow and cultivator too frequently, and the roller too seldom. If we could preserve moisture in our soils in summer, our crops would be doubly valuable; and the only way we can do that in sandy soils, is to roll and not stir them. We see in the sandy districts of New Jersey, the grass green upon trodden roadsides in summer, while that upon stirred lands is burned up; and bushes luxuriant alongside of fences where the soil is unstirred, while the crops on cultivated fields are parched. Grain and grass should get much rolling in spring, and if small rollers could follow the cultivator (say a day after it,) crops would do better. As much air will rush into sandy soils in ten minutes, while stirred, as will go into clayey lands in ten weeks, if not well harrowed. So the more frequently heavy lands are stirred, the better they hold moisture, as they crack when dry, and moisture from below escapes too quickly; but when often stirred and the surface kept loose, a volume of air goes into the loose soil, prevents cracking, and retards the evaporation of moisture from below; but the weight of heavy lands and rains upon them soon press out the air on the surface; hence the necessity of frequent stirring.

Horse-Rackets.—A subscriber informs us that he has a large meadow, which has been overflowed three years in order to kill the natural vegetation, and which he now wishes to sow with oats. He wishes to know whether the "mud-shoe" or racket would enable a horse to travel over this land and harrow in the seed. Of course it depends on the degree of softness in the land whether a horse could travel on it or not with rackets on his feet; but if it is sufficiently dry to bear a crop of oats, we should suppose a horse, shod as indicated, could draw a light harrow over it without difficulty.—*Boston Cultivator.*

To Make Sows Own Their Young.—"H. E. O." writes to the Boston Cultivator that he had a sow which would not own her pigs, and that after trying various things without effect, he gave her a *pint of rum*, which had the desired result. The rum was put into the swill, though he does not tell of what the swill consisted, but says, "she drank it like any old toper, and was perfectly quiet for three or four hours afterwards." The Maine Farmer says the same prescription will prevent sows from eating their young.

Useful Receipts.

SOME EXCELLENT RECEIPES.

[These dozen and a half receipes were sent us by one of the best housekeepers and best women in Kentucky. She writes, "be sure and publish, for they are known to be good."—*Ed. Ohio Farmer.*]

Tea Cakes.—Three quarts of flour, four cupfuls of sugar, five eggs, one cupful of butter, nutmeg and cinnamon; roll, and cut into cakes.

Cream Sponge Cake.—One cupful of white sugar, one cupful of flour, half a cupful of rich cream, and two eggs; flavor with lemon. (Excellent.)

Sweet Biscuit.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved in a cupful of milk or buttermilk.

Lemon Pudding.—Half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one lemon grated, and the juice added; five eggs, well beaten, will make two good-sized pies.

Transparent Jelly Pie.—(Very Nice.)—One cupful of butter, one cupful of powdered white sugar, and four eggs, well beaten. Bake the crust, then pour in the mixture, and put it back in the oven, for a few minutes, until the mixture becomes stiff.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, half a cupful of buttermilk, three eggs, one cupful of raisins, one cupful currants, and a little soda. Chop the raisins and currants very fine.

Jumbelels.—Eight eggs, three pounds of flour, two pounds of sugar, one pound of butter; beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, then the eggs, well beaten, and lastly the flour to be made into a dough, and cut out in cakes.

Sponge Cake.—(New Way).—Three quarters of a pound of flour, one pound of powdered white sugar, the whites of twelve eggs, and the yolks of six well beaten, the whites to be beaten to a stiff froth; add the juice of one lemon, the whole to be beaten until very light. A very fine cake, if particular in baking.

Sponge Cake.—(Another Way).—One tin-cupful of flour, one tin-cupful of powdered white sugar, eight eggs, beaten separately, and half a teacupful of water. Add the flour last, then a lemon or some nutmeg to flavor. This is a delightful sponge cake—I know it to be from experience.

Sally Lunn.—Three ounces of melted butter, half a teacupful of sugar, one beaten egg, yeast, a pint of milk alternately with the flour, making a batter too thick to pour; put the mixture in two Turk's heads, and keep them covered and warm until light; then bake one hour.

Lemon Cake.—(Very Fine).—Three cupfuls of powdered white sugar, one cupful of fresh butter, one cupful of milk, five eggs, and four cupfuls of flour. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs separately, the whites to a stiff froth, and then dissolve a little soda in the milk, mix all together; then sift the flour, and put it in by degrees, and add the juice and grated peel of a fresh lemon. This cake is delicious.

Cream Pudding.—One pint of cream, the yolks of six eggs, six tablespoonfuls of flour, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, a small bit of soda, and a saltspoonful of salt. Rub the cream, which should be thick, with the eggs and flour; add the sugar, salt and soda, and just before baking, add the milk, and pour the whole in a dish or pudding-pan. Serve with sauce of wine, sugar, and butter, flavored with rose and nutmeg, or any other flavoring prepared.

Spiced Fruit, or Sweet Pickle.—To seven pounds of fruit, add three pounds of sugar, one quart of good cider-vinegar; put the sugar and vinegar, with spices to your taste, into a kettle, let them come to a boil; then, having put the fruit in a jar, pour the syrup over it, and let it stand twenty-four hours; then pour the syrup off, and boil as before, pour it over the fruit again, and after standing twenty-four hours more, put fruit and all in a kettle and let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes; then put it back in a jar, and tie up close; in a few days it will be ready for use.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To one pound of fruit pour on one quart of the best white wine vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on a pound of fresh fruit, and the day after the same; do not squeeze the fruit, but drain the liquor from it; the last time, pass it through a canvas, wet with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice, stirred until dissolved; then set the jar in a pot of water on a hot fire; simmer, and skim it, then take it off, and when cold, bottle it for use. No glazed or metal vessel must be used. It makes a delightful drink, in the summer season, used as a lemonade.

Burnt Cream.—To two quarts of new milk take eight eggs, the yolks to one quart, and the whites to the other. Beat the yolks well, then add a good tablespoonful of flour, and sugar to the taste. Have the milk boiling hot, and stir in the mixture; then pour back in the sauce-pan, and let it boil up, stirring all the while, being careful not to let it burn; when sufficiently thick, pour in soup plates, and when entirely cold, sprinkle with sugar thick, and burn it with a very hot flat-iron—the whites to be done in the same way, and when served, to be eaten together. N. B. This is a real *Southern dish, and, of course, very delightful!—Ohio Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 20, 24, 19, 30, is one of the United States.
My 2, 11, 25, 18, 3, is a useful animal.
My 39, 42, 20, 18, 32, 43, 33, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 29, 4, 7, 19, 28, 42, is a town in Maine.
My 3, 33, 33, 34, 44, is a woman's name.
My 29, 26, 23, 44, 17, 2, is an author.
My 18, 5, 29, 33, 3, is a cape in Florida.
My 6, 30, 33, 3, 21, 24, 42, 10, 20, 5, is a gulf in the United States.
My 5, 3, 40, 10, 17, is a river in Europe.
My 30, 6, 16, 20, 43, 5, 10, is a river in British America.
My 41, 39, 5, is a common beverage.
My 20, 15, 30, 9, 6, 30, is a lake in the United States.
My 27, 5, 1, 6, 38, 30, 26, is an edged tool.
My 19, 30, 45, 30, 23, is useful on a farm.
My 31, 30, 4, 33, is a sort of pie.
My 13, 14, 34, 35, 2, is what most animals possess.
My 29, 5, 12, 27, 33, 17, is a fight.
My whole is a proverb. C. H. B.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Europe.
A malt liquor.
An article of hardware.
A kind of tree.
A Scripture proper name.
An English Admiral.
A word signifying to choke.
A cruel ruler.
A lake in North America.
A part of the day.

The initials and the last letters from the top will form the names of two of the greatest military heroes that ever lived. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

My first is one of royal rank,
Though not from trouble free;
My next doth often find a grave,
Beneath the treacherous sea;
My whole, a shy and timid bird,
Go seek where sedge and rushes wave.

E. F. G.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a garden, A, B, C, D, in the shape of a trapezium. A, B runs due East; B, C runs due North; and C, D runs between the North and West. The diagonal, A, C, measures 300 feet, and bisects the angle C; the diagonal, B, D, measures 300 feet, and bisects the angle D. Required—the sides of the garden; the direction of C, D and D, A, and the area of the garden?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MILITARY DRILLING QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain military officer had such a number of men under his command, that, if he would stand them two men deep, there would be one single man left; the same thing would occur when he would attempt to stand them 3, 4, 5, or 6 men deep; still there would be the single individual left. He then filed off by 7, and found that with this number he could bring them all into rank and file, without any remainder. Tell me the least number the said company might have consisted of.

Selinsgrove, Pa. PERCIVAL JEWETT.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a bad note like a bar of iron? Ans.—Because it is forged.

☞ Why is a miser like a man with a short memory? Ans.—He's always forgetting. (Forgetting.)

☞ Why is a boasting fellow like a whip? Ans.—Because he often cracks.

☞ Why is a man in debt like a misty morning? Ans.—Because he is full of dues. (Dews.)

☞ What bird would make a peddler? Ans.—Hawk.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—

And let our watchword ever be—
"May God protect the right."

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Commodore L. M. Goldsborough. CHARADE.—Stone-mason. (Stone-may-son.) REBUS.—H. Hamlin. (Hangtchow, Hanover, Alicant, Mentone, Lintz, Itapecuni, Nesho.) DOUBLE REBUS.—Waldo, Maine. (Windham, Africa, Lipari, Don, Ohe.) ANNUITY QUESTION.—$3,501,08⅝.

Answer to O. P. Waldo's PROBLEM, published March 13.—They met in 24 hours. A would perform the journey in 42 hours, and B in 56 hours. UNCLE WILLIAM, *Pipe Creek, Mercer Co., Ill.*, and ARTEMAS MARTIN, *Venango Co., Pennsylvania.*

Answer to A. D. Young's PROBLEM, published Feb. 15th.—The theorem described piece of timber must be cut 9 feet and a little more than ½ inch from the middle towards the thicker end, and then each of the two pieces will contain 152 45-60 cubic feet. DANIEL DIEFENBACH. *Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.*

The above answer also given by ARTEMAS MARTIN, *Venango Co., Pa.*

Answer to PROBLEM by S., published March 22.—A.'s fortune is $5,008,76 32-43, and B.'s fortune is $7,047,30 40-43. ARTEMAS MARTIN. *Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

J. Sterling's answer to above.—$5,677,20, A.'s; $7,040,52, B.'s.

Answer to David Anderson's PROBLEM, published March 23.—The distance from the vertex to where the planes must meet is 8.175. ARTEMAS MARTIN. *Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

The answer from D. Anderson is 6.29033.

Answer to A. D. Y.'s PROBLEM, published March 29.—The ball moved 150 feet to reach the hawk; and the *hypothenuse* would measure 168¾ feet, if continued to the ground by the way of the man's eye. ARTEMAS MARTIN. *Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

The above answer also given by Harmon Harlan, O.; Gilbert, Branch Co., Mich.; David Crosskey, Pa.; J. Sterling, Mich.